JOHN BULL, JULY 27, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVIII.
1519.

A JOB FOR MR. BALDWIN SEE PAGE 5

JOHN BULL

The best part of the day is when, under the shade of a tree in a quiet backwater, the punt is moored to the bank and the hamper opened. Everything seems twice as appetising, but an ordinary sweet would be an anti-climax. Not so Wincarnis Wine Jelly. It's as cool and refreshing as the fair passenger who hands it up, while its delicious flavour and distinctive bouquet make it the perfect finish to their alfresco meal. You, too, once you have tasted Wincarnis Wine Jelly, will agree that there's all the difference in the world between this real wine jelly and any so-called "wine-flavoured" one. Honestly, it's the most delicious jelly ever made.

WINCARNIS WINE JELLY

7½d. a packet at all good grocers and chemists. In case of difficulty send direct to Coleman and Company Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

ONE MINUTE only spent in filling up the forms below may save you a lifetime of regret.

Thousands of "John Bull" readers who have filled up these forms have blessed the day they did so. Why? Because, in their hour of need, when accident or sickness has smitten them or their homes have been ravaged by fire, storm or flood, they have found that the Forms similar to those below which they have completed have meant the practical assistance of a friend who stands by them through their trouble—"JOHN BULL."

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, "John Bull" provides protection against the numerous common perils of everyday life, such as — Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents, Loss by Burglary, etc.

In addition, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, to pay Sickness Benefit and to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to EVERY benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

And now, here is what a Birmingham reader says of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. This letter is typical of thousands:

"I am very glad to be able to write and thank you for the cheque . . . I am glad to say it arrived just at the time we needed it most, and we were quite surprised at the absence of any kind of fuss and bother one usually has under these circumstances. Just a letter to 'John Bull,' a form to fill in by return post, then the money. That's what I call service."

Let "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift be to you and your family what the lighthouse is to the mariner—security, a sure safeguard against perils, a friend in times of distress. Remember, this magnificent Gift of Protection could not be obtained in the ordinary way for a premium of less than £2 2s. 0d. "John Bull" offers it to you FREE.

NOW fill up the Forms below and secure "John Bull's" protection for yourself and your Family.

"JOHN BULL'S" EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

"John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard the Home against **Fire, Storm and Flood Damage**—to pay **Sickness** Benefit and to add a **10 per cent. Bonus to EVERY Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.**

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 27/7/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 27/7/35

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31.

FREE BOOK OF 3000 BARGAINS & FREE PRICES!

A POSTCARD BRINGS IT!

Bargain-surprises await you on every page of H. Samuel's latest Book of famous Watches, Jewellery, Plate, etc. Thousands of wonderful offers show the advantage of buying direct at cash factory prices. The watch shown here is typical. A charming design in chromium, reliable timekeeper. WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOK!

5/9

H. SAMUEL

BUY AT WORKS PRICE

5/6 OR 1/6 WEEKLY

Don't pay shopkeepers' prices! Save at least £1 by buying from actual makers. For only 5/6, or 1/6 weekly, we offer you an All-British guaranteed-for-ever Cycle fully equal to anything in shops at £6-19-6. Carriage paid on 7 days' free trial. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE which pictures and describes a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, etc. Costs you nothing—Saves you pounds.

MOORHOUSES
Dept. 22, PADIHAM, LANCS.

3 GNT. GOLD-CASED WATCH AND REAL DIAMOND RING FREE

Lady's £3.3.0 model 18ct. gold-cased bracelet watch or Gent's Smashproof square model wrist watch with mesh chromium bracelet, also real Diamond Ring carrying £100 warranty. Stone beautifully cut and polished. These articles sent to you FREE of all charge. IMPORTANT. Recent gift offers have proved that it is the hardest thing in the world to give away, absolutely free, anything of unusual value. Why? The average person is sceptical and believes that acceptance must carry an obligation. Don't you be a sceptic. This is not a competition but an advertising campaign to introduce our new "Marlow" deep sea effect triple row pearls, nicely boxed with dainty paste clasp at 21/- cash or 1/- deposit and 1/6 fortnightly. This offer is open for 21 days only. Send 21/- or 1/- deposit at once to secure your FREE Watch and Diamond Ring.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.P.W.9), 89, New Oxford, Street, London, W.C.1.
(1 Minute Tottenham Court Road Tube)

COVENTRY CYCLES

57/6

LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.

Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Coventry

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

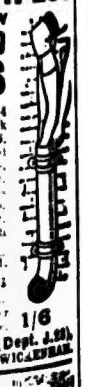
LOOK SMARTER IN THE NEW

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-46. Leg 25-36. Well cut and made from tested Flannel; fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets, and buttons inside; permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/6 Post 6d. or C.O.D.

3 pairs 11/6 post pd. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.



1/6

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.29), 180/184, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with planed timber, too, and trebly strengthened with "Strongess" steel braced corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Down.	Mthy.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	56/-	3/6	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	82/-	4/6	8/-
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	103/-	5/-	9/14

Garages 83/6. Greenhouses 55/-.
Beach Huts, Garden Shelters, Bungalows, etc.
CATALOGUE No. 46 FREE.
Pent Roof Sheds 22/-

ALL DELIVERED FREE or sent carr. paid in England and Wales

J. THORN & Sons Ltd., Box 46, Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

Telephone: Bexleyheath 305.

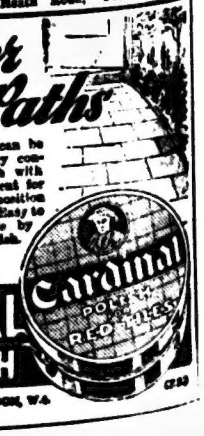
MEN WITH SPARE TIME

The House of Quality.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

Brighter Garden Paths



The beauty of your garden can be enhanced by giving dull grey concrete paths a rich red finish with Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Red Tiles and Red Composition floors. Get a tin to-day. Easy to use—will not rub off. Made by the makers of Mansion Polish.

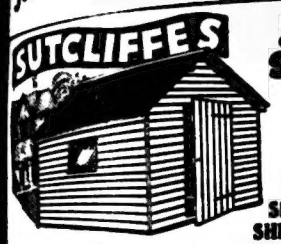
Of all dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH

LARGE TINS 7½ 6 4½ 3

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9



MONTHLY Design S.S SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

	Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
DELIVERED	6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 £/0
Carriage	7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0 £/-
Paid.	10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£3 15 0 £/5
Shed	12ft.	9ft.	7ft.	£4 15 0 £/10

Prices

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, Summer Houses, etc.

Thames Utility Buildings, West St., Erith, Kent. Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd. (Est. 40 yrs.) 'Phone: Erith 472/3.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

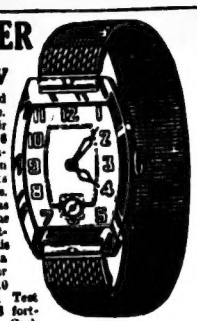
30/- IS ALL YOU NEED PAY ME FOR THIS WONDERFUL IMPROVED HOME-MADE LAYETTE. A GUARANTEED BARGAIN

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk-Sets, Turk. Napkins, etc., etc.

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. E. HOWARD, 86, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Another letter reads: "I am more than satisfied with the layette received on July 1st. Such a bargain deserves broadcasting. My nurse, too, has never seen such amazing value."

AIRCRAFT SUPER SEND 1/6 NOW



Not a new watch but an old and tried favourite in a modern style, as supplied to members of Air Force, Army, and Navy. 1/6 deposit secures this watch—non-magnetic, shock and vibration proof. Recoil Click spring prevents over-winding. Unbreakable glass. Silver or plain luminous dial as desired. Untarnishable Chrome case and Chrome milanese adjustable bracelet. Not until this watch keeps time to a minute a month is it allowed to leave our model factory. Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Send only 1/6. Test for 7 days. If satisfied send 2/6 fortnightly until 27/6 is paid in all. Cash price 25/-. Ladies' solid silver model same price and terms

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J. 114), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

(One minute Tottenham Court Road Tube).

6 x 4½ x 3½	9/-
7 x 5 x 4	15/9
6½ x 6 x 6	25/-
9 x 6 x 6	39/9

1/6 in £ DISCOUNT IF ORDERED NOW. Send for Catalogue of Waterproof Tents and how to waterproof your old tent. Also Bell Tents for Hire.

NUTTALL 1, Goodmayes, Ilford

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY To advt. our Cat. we offer smart shoes at cost price, 3/11. Stout rubber sole moulded to upper, and wet cannot penetrate. Months of hard wear guaranteed. For mechanics or city wear. Send for a pair now. State Black or Tan. Men's 6 to 11, 3/11, post 9d. or C.O.D.

Money back guarantee.

Boys' size 3 to 5 3/-

NUTTALL 1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

Field & Marine TELESCOPES YOURS FOR 6d

These famous telescopes have perfect range of vision over several miles. Smooth action adjustment. Accurate pull range finder. Heavily brass lacquered, with all-weather body when closed. X48 magnification areas. Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for registration post (immediate delivery) and 1/6 fortnightly until 12/9 is paid in all. Cash price 11/9 post free.

Also 200 only—"Army Pocket" Model Telescopes, closed 2in., open 3in. Marvellously powerful 5-mile range, 6/9 or same easy terms. Send at once—limited stock only.

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ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS 8 gns VALUE FOR 48/-

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

Real Piano Accordions at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet. Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys. 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit. Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for Illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive Terms.

J. A. Davis & Co. (Dept. J.B.7), 94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 70/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

10 gn. Model for 75/-

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RHINO-SOLE SYNTHETIC PLASTIC LEATHER. Just spread it on—That's All

PRICES 6D. and 1/6 per TUBE

Fast repairing with Rhino-sole is simplicity itself. A plastic compound easily spread on with a knife; it can be moulded to any desired shape or thickness and hardens ready for wear in a few hours. "Rhino Sole" repairs rubber and leather equal to new. Also invaluable for worn tennis shoes, crepe, suède, gum boots, etc. Millions of tubes already sold. Obtainable from all leading Ironmongers, Leather Stores, etc., WOOLWORTHS and W. H. SMITH & SON'S branches. If any difficulty in obtaining Send P.O. for 1/10 for mammoth size tube, post free, to the sole manufacturers.

RHINO-SOLE Ltd., Dept. 172J, Fleet St., E.C.4

Trade Inquiries Invited.

Phone: Central 4316 *Established 1933*

GIVE HER A RING

Why keep her waiting when you can secure a valuable genuine diamond engagement ring for a small sum down—direct from the craftsmen's bench which

SAVES YOU 25%

10/- with order secures. Remainder 10/- month

All guaranteed diamonds. Our prices from £3.

Send to-day for FREE LIST and ring card.

LONDON RING COMPANY Dept. J.B.1, 21, Hedden St., London, W.1

IT'S HARD TO GET A CENTURY IN A TEST...

BUT IT'S EASY TO TEST THAT AMPRICO IS THE MONEY-MAKER of the CENTURY!

The **Amprico** method of adding to your income gives an agent **numerous advantages** not found in other spare-time propositions. Become an agent for our **6d. Treble Value Club Cards** which sell at sight. You will find this is the **easiest, simplest and most** enjoyable way of adding to your income. **No capital or experience is needed** and we pay all our **agents commission weekly.**

Everything is made easy for you—everything necessary provided free Our Huge Resources have enabled us to make our offer so attractive that many of our agents earn **over £3 weekly for spare time work that is no trouble.** We definitely claim that this is the **Finest Agency Proposition.**

LIVE AGENTS WANTED TO DRAW BIG MONEY EVERY WEEK!

Remember delay means lost opportunities. This is your great chance—send off at once for Complete Details.

To AMBLER PRICE & COLE LTD. (Dept. J.B.) Ampetee House, Acton Lane, LONDON, N.W.10.

Travellers required to appoint Agents (all districts). Salary and Commission.

FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)

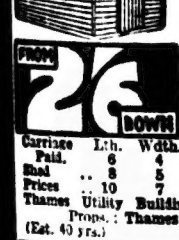
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.132. 27/7/35

A GRAND OFFER TO MEN for 2/6

We will send you this Genuine Lever Movement Finest Chromium Tonnian Shape Wristlet Watch, on Chromium Mesh expanding Band, latest type Sports unbreakable model, wonder time-keeper, with 10 years' guarantee, for 2/6 down, and your promise to pay 1/- weekly until 17/6 has been paid. This dependable watch is of Swiss make, non-magnetic, and complete in Case. Or, if you send full cash within 7 days after receipt of Watch, we will give you FREE a very nice Pocket Wallet, in lovely soft leather, well made, with 3 divisions, size 6 in. by 3½ in. We also guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not perfectly satisfied.

NICKSONS, Ltd., Dept. "O," ABFORD HOUSE, VICTORIA, S.W.1

THAMES UTILITY

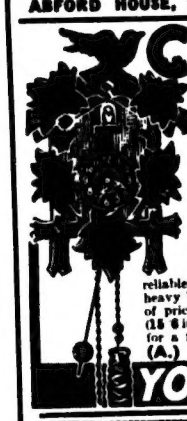


T. U. B. AGAIN LEAD THE WAY! Prices of Sheds and Garages at Rockbottom—Specifications Beyond Comparison! Excellent designs with smart doors, joiner-made opening type, framed and glazed windows, ornamental Bargeboards and attractive turned finials. Brightly planed timber. Write for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15. All FULLY GUARANTEED! IMMEDIATE FREE ROAD OR RAIL DELIVERY!

FROM 2/6 DOWN

Carriage Paid.	Lth.	Width.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 pts.
Shed	6	4	6	29/6	2/6	2/7
Prices	8	5	6½	39/6	4/-	4/5
	10	7	6½	69/6	4/9	6/3

CUCKOO CLOCK



2 YEARS' GUARANTEE.

A real old-fashioned Cuckoo Clock fascinating to old and young. Decorate your parlour with this most attractive Bird Timepiece—IT "CUCKOOS" EVERY QUARTER OF AN HOUR. Everybody has seen it in "Mickey" Films. Now get it for yourself and delight the family with a "Silly Symphony." A really reliable timekeeper—30-hour movement heavy brass—solid cut pinions. An unheard of price—only 1 6 down, then 2 - weekly (15 6 in all), or 14 - Cash. Years of pleasure for a few shillings.

(A.) TURK, High Street, Deal.

YOURS for 16 down

SOUTH WESTERN

MOTOR HOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down	12 Pts.
9	6	69/6	4/-	6/-
11	7	99/6	6/6	9/2
13	7	109/6	8/-	10/-

ALL SECTIONAL

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. S.B. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses). GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down	12 Pts.
6	4	24/6	2/-	2/1
8	6	44/6	4/-	3/11
10	7	69/6	5/-	6/2

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) Ltd. Dept. J.B., Nurse Rd., Feltham, S.W.6. Fel. 1121 (5 lines)

16/6 or 15 weekly payments of 1/-. FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

Carr. & post. Eng. and W., 2/6. 3 velvet cord cushions. ANY colour.

BED SETTEE 6ft long wide.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAMES, PAT. SPRING SEATS, AND TURNED LEGS.

35/- Carr. & Post. E. & W., 3/6. Or 3/- weekly.

SEND for NEW coloured Catalogue J of wonderful Bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s to:

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 89, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

FROM £3-10 CASH or TERMS

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 102 24, COVENTRY

LOOK! MAGNIFICENT FREE OFFER

of a solid gold Ladies' Midget Wristlet Watch, on moire silk band, in beautiful plush case, satin lined, 5½ movement, Swiss make, 1 year's warranty, if you purchase the lovely row of Solid Gold Curb Links shown on left, 18 in. long, beautifully graduated, with solid gold clasp, complete in Plush satin lined case, equal in appearance to any £10 10s. Link sold. This wonderful offer is made on receipt of 2/6 down and your promise to pay 5/- a month, or 1/3 weekly, until 22/6 has been paid. Or, if you send full cash within 7 days we will also give you FREE a very handsome Pochette, with Mirror, made in the most delicate silk mixture material you have ever seen, or a Real Hide Purse, 4½ by 2½ in., with Treasury Tag. We guarantee to refund your money in full if you are not perfectly satisfied.

NICKSONS, LTD., ABFORD HOUSE, VICTORIA, S.W.1.

WANTED

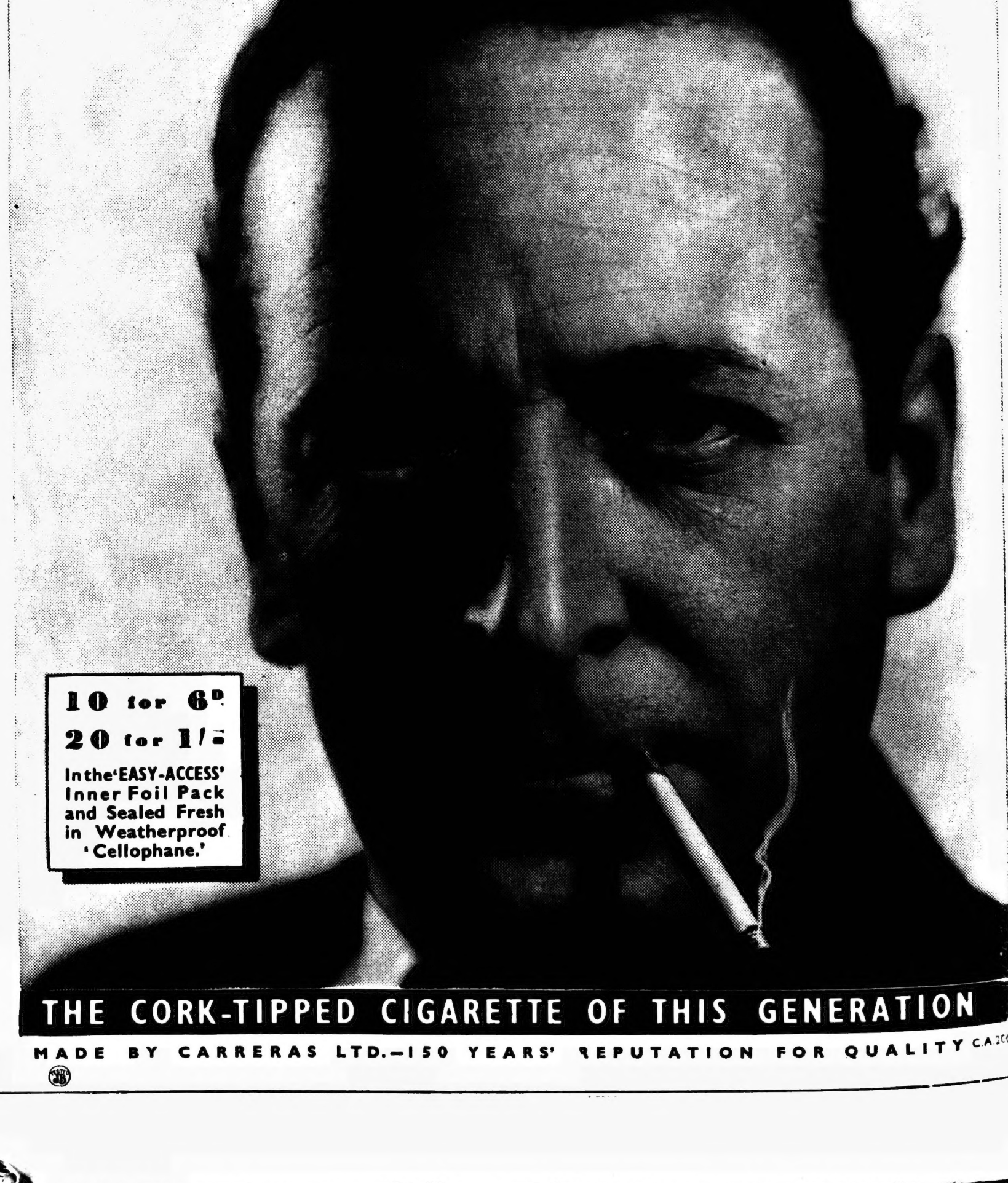
ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (either sex) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself on some things you have been wanting or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Cards Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, Beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A Masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

For throat-smooth smoking you can't beat CRAVEN "A"



THE CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTE OF THIS GENERATION

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD.—150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY C.A.200

JOHN BULL
THURSDAY
For week ending Saturday, July 27, 1935. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.: all other parts of the world, 1½d.
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

A Factory Job for Mr. BALDWIN

HUNDREDS of lives are being needlessly lost because Britain's industrial legislation is hopelessly out of date. Obsolete factory laws are taking their toll of limb and life each second of every working day.

Nearly 800 workers lost their ves in British **factories and workshops during** 934; the colossal **number of 136,000 were involved** accidents. **Yet many of those accidents should** ever have occurred—**would never have occurred** our legislators **had done their duty.**

How serious the position has become is indiated by the **1934 report, just published, of the** hief Inspector of **Factories and Workshops.** In he reveals that **during 1934 there were nearly** 0 more fatalities **than in 1933, and no fewer than** ,000 additional **non-fatal accidents.**

The reason is simple. Our factory legislation thirty years **out of date. Apart from small** mendments and **improvements, all our present** egulations and **safeguards are based on the** actory Act of **1901.**

And Parliament after Parliament has conistently refused **to introduce the amending legis**tion which **would save hundreds of lives and** illions of **pounds of money.**

The Act of 1901, now only an ancient relic f good legislation, **permits a sixty-hour working** eek for **women and young persons (with small** xceptions in the **textile industries) and makes no** estrictions on the **hours of work of men employed** factories or **workshops.**

☆ ★ ☆

Yet the tragedies of hundreds of British omes, the waste of **thousands of pounds of money** claims for **compensation, could be prevented** part at least by **one order of the Cabinet.**

For tucked away in a dusty pigeon-hole in e Home Office in **Whitehall is the draft of a** omprehensive **new Factory Bill which would do** uch to remedy **the worst defects of the existing** gislation.

It has lain in that pigeon-hole for twenty ears! Ever since **it was originally prepared in** e early days of **the war when Mr. Reginald** cKenna was **in office as Home Secretary.**

During all these years the old Act of 1901 has ecome completely **out of line with present-day** ndustry. **Quite obviously, every new process and** very new **method brings with it the threat of** ew mechanical **dangers and new industrial** iseases.

Whole industries have sprung up since the st major Act **was passed. The electrical trade** s we know it **to-day was not even in existence** hen the **1901 measure was placed upon the** tatute Book, **and in many other instances the** resent **regulations and safeguards are com**letely inadequate.

Similarly, because of the slackness of the gislation, **old factories and workshops have been** llowed to **fall into such disrepair that many are** o more than **industrial slums.**

In Sheffield, for example, thousands of men nd women **and youths daily risk death and** isease in **century-old workshops which would be** mmediately **condemned if proper regulations** ere in existence.

The Press is constantly recording tragic accients in which **men and women are caught in** nguarded **machines which an effective law would** anish. **In some districts works are so scandal**usly **ramshackle that factory owners keep their**

A document that might cure much of the evil has lain, tucked away, in a Whitehall pigeon-hole for 20 years!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

doors locked during the day and forbid their employees to discuss conditions of employment.

The result of all this is seen not only in the senseless toll of human life, but in the fabulous cost of compensation for the victims of industrial accidents and diseases and their dependants.

☆ ★ ☆

Dr. W. A. Robson, who has published an authoritative examination of the inherent weakness of the factory laws, estimates that on this form of compensation alone no less than £12,000,000 is paid out every year.

And this huge sum falls almost entirely upon those employers who whole-heartedly approve the present lack of adequate legislation on the grounds that improved conditions would increase their costs!

One employers' organisation has even declared that the proposal to increase the air space per worker from 250 to 400 cubic feet would reduce employment because only thirty-two people would be able to work where fifty formerly could!

The increased mechanisation of industry during the last two decades has, of course, completely refuted this argument.

But if there were no other reason one would imagine that the annual expenditure of £12,000,000 would convince the least generous employer of the common-sense virtues of better conditions.

The Chief Inspector's report shows that fortunately this is not the viewpoint of all employers. He pays a fine tribute to those whose concern for their workers transcends the element of profit in their businesses.

☆ ★ ☆

But he utters caustic criticism of those other employers who neglect obvious remedies and safety devices because of the cost in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence.

He emphasises, too, that young workers particularly are prone to accidents because of their comparative inexperience.

Entering industry not forewarned of the dangers of the machine, often bringing bravado and curiosity to play, they succumb more frequently than the older employee.

It is this danger to the country's youth that makes more urgent the demand for the introduction of improved regulations as well as the stricter enforcement of existing laws and heavier penalties for unscrupulous evasions.

On these grounds, if on no others, Dr. Robson's criticism of the Parliamentary record of the new Bill as "a conspicuous instance of political dishonesty and breach of faith" is wholly justified.

Britain now has a new Prime Minister, one who is regarded by a large section of the British people as an honest man.

Mr. Baldwin is now in absolute control of a Parliament no member of which would dare to raise a finger in opposition to the Factory Bill if he were to introduce it.

He could bring a consolidated measure before both Houses, and pass it in all its stages within three months. Within a year the firstfruits would be seen in a lessening in the toll of life and limb.

If Mr. Baldwin wishes to retain the respect of British people and to make some reparation for one of the most shameful chapters in our political history he will introduce that Bill without delay.

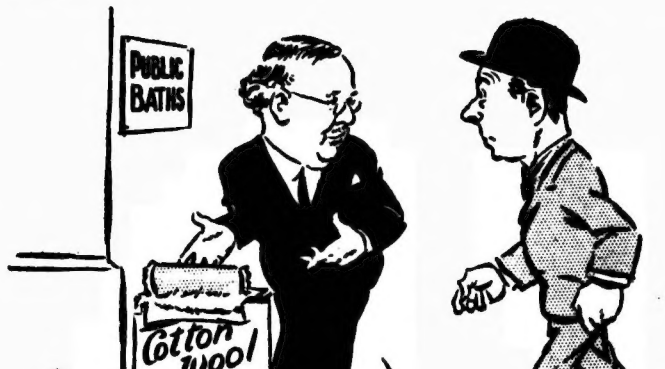
STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Poisonous Bathing Pools Still With Us

ONCE again we must draw the public's attention to the peril of infection at swimming baths.

Two years have elapsed since we stressed the need for rigorous supervision of all bathing pools. Since then, we are glad to say, many have been equipped with adequate filtering devices.

Many more, unfortunately, remain as sources of disease, and we need quote only a few recent cases to illustrate the risks which face countless bathers.



Cotton wool, Sir Kingsley, won't save us from bathing pool perils!

Very ill

A few days after visiting the public baths in a West Country city, a young man was stricken with deafness and suppuration of the ears, for which he is receiving medical attention. A week later a girl who patronised the same bath developed similar symptoms. She became so ill that she had to be rushed to hospital, where an immediate operation for mastoid was performed.

Stricken school

Recently, too, a whole school of girls in a London suburb was stricken with illness after having a swimming lesson at the local baths.

Doctors had no hesitation in diagnosing the painful and dangerous inflammation known as "pink eye."

But those children are comparatively lucky—for there have been three cases of cerebral meningitis resulting from visits to those municipal baths!

No safeguards

Yet, generally speaking, public baths are far safer than privately-owned pools, which are still largely immune from official regulations.

There are many, we know, which are regularly purified by chlorination or in which the water is frequently changed. So long as there is no necessity for all baths to be similarly treated, however, bathers have no means of knowing whether they are exposed to the risk of disease by patronising any particular pool.

Amazing advice

The Ministry of Health contents itself with advising bathers to put cotton-wool in their ears to protect themselves against impure water.

There is still no sign of the comprehensive and stringent safeguards which we have always demanded. The warning of the British Medical Association, regarding the menace of disease from impure swimming water, has failed to disturb the lazy equanimity of officialdom.

Until the long-overdue reforms are wrung from Whitehall, therefore, let bathers beware!

Food the Navy Throws Away

Tax on Good Samaritans

Casting their bread—

Questions have been asked in the Commons why there was no food provided for ambassadors and other bigwigs at the Spithead Review.

But it's a pity no questions were raised why there was a lot of bread floating on the water around the battleships, and why it should not have been given to the poor instead of being thrown into the sea.

—and why

The answer to the first is simple. There is always much waste when the Fleet is in harbour, for though rations are issued as usual the men prefer to buy their food. There are no storage arrangements, and once bread is issued it cannot be returned. Nor are the men allowed to give it away.

But why this ridiculous waste should be tolerated is a point that only the Admiralty could explain.

Another food swindle

And we hope the butchers have a good reply to the charges of Captain Ramsay, M.P. He alleges he has conclusive evidence that they are selling frozen and chilled beef as home-killed—at home-killed prices.

The Government should now either have the butchers vindicated or pilloried. The allegation cannot rest where it is.

Saving their bacon

Anyway, the Government itself is launching a new bacon ramp.

It is to form a "ring" of the present firms in the curing industry and give them the monopoly of all bacon production in the future. So a new firm will have to buy a quota from one of the existing concerns and pay a perpetual ransom.

They have a word for this in Chicago.

Humanity or economy?

It's good to see the conference of scientific managers devoting a lot of attention to the "human factor" in business.

There used to be an idea that success could be bought by "rationalisation"—which usually meant throwing thousands out of work in the interests of economy and getting the rest to work at inhuman speed.

What industry really needs is more rational rationalisation.

Tax on kindness

Do you know that a new Act of Parliament has virtually put a tax on Good Samaritans?

It may sound unbelievable, but the law now says that if a motorist sees an injured man by the wayside and drives him to the nearest doctor he becomes liable for the cost of the man's treatment.

Maybe we shall soon have the strange spectacle of motorists who are too poor to stop and help!

Penalised

Consider the case of an Essex motorist who helped an injured cyclist he found on the road.

Knowing that police cars are forbidden to pick up injured people, he drove the lad to a doctor and was presented with the bill.

His insurance company says he is undoubtedly liable for having picked the youth up. If the company pays, he will lose his "no claim" benefit. In other words, his car insurance will cost him more next year.

That is surely both absurd and unjust.

Half-and-half doctors

Nor do we like the idea of awarding the degree of "M.D." to herbalists who pass a course of instruction, even though this may be permitted by an ancient charter.

The letters M.D. mean one thing only to the general public. If a man is a good herbalist he should prefer to be known as one rather than suggest he is a qualified medical man.

Poor children's chance

But we do approve of the L.C.C.'s "general intelligence test" for junior pupils in a scholarship examination.

This should certainly give poorer children a better chance against those from homes which are well supplied with books. And any noodle can cram the necessary book learning into his head if he has the opportunity.

Other education authorities should certainly watch this experiment.

Safeguards we want

We also support the recommendations of the House of Lords committee which has been considering the question of licences for auctioneers, estate agents and valuers.

Its report, indeed, contains many of the proposals we have made in these columns, and the suggested safeguards for licences should certainly do much to stop the activities of mock auctioneers and crooked business transfer agents.

Let us hope these measures will secure a speedy passage into law.

Penalty we like

Thousands of people should be interested in a Birmingham court decision.

A motor firm was alleged to have stopped £1 from a woman's total wages of £1 5s. 8d. after defects had been discovered in the products of the automatic machine she was operating.

A director told the court he did not think the Truck Act, under which proceedings were taken, applied to stoppages for bad workmanship. By imposing a £5 fine the magistrates left no room for doubting that it covers cases of bad sportsmanship.

Rush hour misery

Surely it is possible for the London Passenger Transport Board, with all its huge resources, to provide more adequate services during the rush hours?

The daily struggle to get on buses and trams and the appalling overcrowding in the tubes is a scandal that should no longer be tolerated.

The Board was set up to provide better travelling facilities for London's teeming millions. Extending the Underground is not the only method of doing so.

The Fragrant Minute.

YOUR BIT

YOU say there's little you can do; but if that little is your best, then this reply I make to you: pray do that little with great zest. One never knows when little grows into a little more, you see. A bud into the loveliest rose, a note into a melody.

Besides, a little may do much, some timely help bring great relief. A word or two may deeply touch, may act as balm to heart in grief. A little smile may make a friend, and friendship alter one's whole life, a little laugh and there's an end to present bitterness and strife.

You never will, if you are wise, despise the little you achieve. 'Tis usefulness that counts, not size; this is a truth you must believe. Suppose you think of it this way: a candle is more use by far in any kitchen any day, than heaven's most refulgent star!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Meanness run mad

Manchester is the latest town to deduct part of the cost of free meals for schoolchildren from the allowances of their parents.

The excuse that these deductions only operate where there are several children in one family receiving meals just aggravates this niggardly practice.

Evidently our public assistance authorities have found a new variant of the "cat and mouse" game.

Self-denial

Dr. Craig, medical officer of a mining district further north, comments on the sacrifices being made to "keep the home fires burning with an absolute minimum of fuel."

Though men are suffering from prolonged unemployment and women are showing marked signs of privation, he reports that the children are remarkably healthy.

But the authorities of Manchester and elsewhere apparently think that such self-denial should be severely punished!

Delayed justice

"This action might have been brought before a judge and jury in March, 1934," Mr. Justice Singleton has said about proceedings at Manchester Assizes which centres round a dispute in 1933.

Almost as much delay as there has been in carrying out the many promises of quicker justice!

Week's worst story

As grisly as an Edgar Allan Poe tale of horror is the story of the workless Cleethorpes man who walked the streets for three hours with the body of his dead child under his arm.

Because he could not pay the 10s. burial fee he was turned away from the cemetery, but eventually obtained the money from a public assistance officer.

We cannot blame the cemetery superintendent for observing the regulations. But surely public officials should be allowed to use a little discretion in dealing with exceptional cases?

Easy payment rates

As the Ministry of Health says that authorities can accept rates by instalments, we hope the practice will be generally adopted.

Even in industrial areas where there is much distress many councils insist on taking nothing less than six months' payment.

We know of one case in which a man received a peremptory six months' demand, and a veiled threat of proceedings unless it was met, in respect of a house into which he had just moved.

Curates, beware!

The Bishop of Leicester is the latest to warn curates not to marry unless they have "a real nest-egg and some security of income."

So many prelates have frankly admitted the disgraceful wages paid to budding parsons that there should be no more lamenting about the lack of candidates for the ministry.

Gone down

Donald Victor Kimball, an authorised collector for the Destitute and Homeless Help Society (which we have frequently criticised), has gone to jail for three months on a charge of collecting charitable contributions by fraud.

And Henry Lawrence Warwick, the cruel theatrical swindler we denounced a fortnight ago, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

A BOOK *to* SAVE *your* LIFE

by T. H. Wisdom

(the Motoring Authority)

A SCHOOL lesson for a nation. . . . Mr Hore-Belisha, Minister of Transport, wants to teach us to save our lives! Education, he thinks, is the cure for that most deadly of modern diseases which has struck Britain—the Toll of the Road.

Just now our postmen are undertaking the iggest delivery ever attempted—every home in ritain is to receive a copy of that little book, he Highway Code—the first lesson in Mr. Hore-elisha's correspondence course.

From the King downwards every head of a ouse—nearly 20,000,000 of them—is having a ighway Code pushed through the letter-box.

No less than 335 tons of booklets are going t—some to queer places. Postmen are toiling er hill and dale to some shepherd's hut in the lds, they are clambering aboard yachts, and en the lighthouse keepers re finding a copy of the Code mong their provisions when he weekly boat arrives.

Now what is this little ook that Mr. Hore-Belisha sending us—the book that ay save our lives?

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It was a Labour ex-Minis- r of Transport, Mr. Herbert orrison, who thought of the ea—a little book of road ules for all to read, mark, arn and inwardly digest. But he first edition was only seen 5,000,000 people, and of that umber, so it is said, half did t trouble to read it, and the ly persons who did attach portance to it were the otorists. They had one sent em with their driving ences, but cyclists, pedes- ians and horse drivers, even they had heard of the book, ver saw a copy.

Listen to what Mr. Justice acKinnon said in Court: No human being has ever ad it all through." That was exaggeration, but it does ow something was lacking in at first effort to teach us ad sense.

It takes two to make an cident, and it is no use eaching to and converting otorists if other road users left out, so Mr. Hore-Belisha, as one of the in points in his attack on that demon Toll of Road, ordered a new Highway Code.

He wrote part of it himself, it was shown to perts, and finally this road-user's "bible" was proved by the Houses of Parliament. A lot of rd thinking on the part of experts in every here of road safety went to the making of the rules in the Code.

Then started the biggest book printing order r carried out—20,000,000 little books. The cost, course, has been immense, but motorists paid it out of the Road Fund to which they alone ntribute, so motorists, it can be said, are playing ir part in this great attack on dangers of the ad.

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"The Highway Code—price 1d.," it says on the er. But no one need pay a penny. It is free anyone who wants a copy. If the postman has ssed your house, then there is a little book iting for you at the local post office.

Believe me, as this book may mean all the ference between life and death to you, make a int of seeing you aren't missed.

Now what is it that the wise parent, who nts to preserve himself and his children, should rticularly sit up and take notice of in this Book Life?

Well, he can begin with the preface written Mr. Hore-Belisha appealing for the co-opera- n of all road-users in helping to make Britain's ds safer. After all, that is the main point—operation. Man, woman and child throughout nation must do their share. Those who go two legs, just as much as those who go on eels.

Next you will come to a chapter addressed to l users of the road."

Here there is an important rule which says, "Before using the road be sure that your sense of caution is not affected by alcohol or fatigue. A fraction of a second may make all the difference in avoiding an accident." That is a new rule in the Code—and it applies equally to cyclists, pedestrians and carters as well as to the motorists. The wise traveller leaves his drinking until the end of his day's travels.

Mr. Hore-Belisha wants parents to teach their children the rules of the road before they are allowed to have their first cycle

Then there is Rule 7 which says, "Learn the traffic signals used by persons regulating traffic and by drivers of vehicles."

The sort of pedestrian who says, "I stick up for my own rights," will not like this rule. "Why should I learn motorists' signals?" he will argue.

Yet if everyone knew the approved signals (they are all illustrated in the Code) they would prevent many mistakes that often lead to accidents.

It really is necessary that even children should be taught these signs and their meaning. They have become part and parcel of our daily life, and are likely to remain so.

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Chapter 2 is addressed to drivers of motor vehicles, including motor-cyclists. "Give plenty of room to pedestrians and cyclists, especially in wet weather," says Rule 16. It is one we should like to see obeyed.

There are 47 rules in the motorists' chapter—the man or woman who obeys them all would be the perfect driver.

And it would be quite simple if we all realised that the whole basis of road behaviour nowadays should be to give more than you take.

"Ride in single file whenever road or traffic conditions require it, and never more than two abreast," the little book tells the cyclists. That is a rule of the utmost importance.

While other accidents have decreased, if only slightly, cycling accidents have piled up tragically. Obedience to the single-file rule would cut them by half.

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None of us can learn to walk, to ride or to drive in the old haphazard way, a sort of trial-and-error teaching. So Mr. Hore-Belisha wants father and mother even to teach their children the rules of cyclists in the Code before they are allowed to have their first cycle.

Of concern to every one of us is the chapter of a dozen rules for pedestrians.

"Never walk in the road where there is a pavement," sounds sensible enough, but count the number of people you see in the road when they could be using the footpath next time you are out.

Where there is a pavement, walkers are told not to walk alongside the kerb in the same direction as the nearer stream of traffic.

These rules for pedestrians are the most vital in the Code, for since we are all of us pedestrians at one time or another this chapter applies to every man, woman or child in the country. Doubly vital because walkers have hitherto been left largely to take care of themselves. Till now little or nothing has been done to educate them in road conduct.

There are rules for drivers of horse-drawn vehicles, and for riders and persons in charge of led horses or other animals.

"Traffic Signals that every Road User Should Know" are explained with illustrations—the signals to be given by police constables and others engaged in the regulation of traffic, and the signals to be given by drivers and cyclists to indicate their own intention.

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Those 107 rules are just sound common sense. If every user of the roads obeyed them implicitly there would be no accidents at all. But will the new Code be read, marked and learned? Mr. Hore-Belisha hopes so.

He likes to think that in thousands of homes during the next few weeks father will be holding breakfast-time conferences with the family on the Code.

It will be a new game for children—and grown-ups. A game worth the playing, for how well we play it may mean to any one of us at any time the difference between life and death.

Many schools are putting a new lesson in their curriculum—and one surely as important to-day as reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic.

Will this new "best-seller" succeed where other schemes have failed? We shall see soon—after the postmen have made their 20,000,000 knocks and unloaded 335 tons of Highway Codes in the homes of Britain.

The COFFIN

THERE WAS NO APPARENT MARGIN FOR SAFETY, BUT THERE WAS COMPLIANCE WITH THE LAW.

These remarkable words and variations of them bearing the same implication flash out from the text of the findings of the series of official enquiries which have lately been held into the cause of a number of disasters to British merchant shipping, involving nearly 100 deaths of seamen.

Examine these words from any angle; twist them round; put the best possible construction upon them. Always—however they are arranged or analysed—you must come to the same conclusion. They mean only one thing.

It is that the maritime laws of this country are so rotten and inadequate that every year scores of British seamen are plunged to ocean graves by sanction of Act of Parliament. Women and children may weep, and the only consolation that can be tendered to them is that their husbands, fathers or sons died in circumstances for which there was legal excuse.

Ignorance no plea

No one is culpable. Men are drowned in the crises of the tempests because the ships in which they serve have no margin for safety and do not need, in the sight of the law, to possess that margin.

So the present Parliament, and any Parliament following it, which refuses to alter the law to give elementary protection to the lives of the officers and men of the Merchant Navy will have the guilt of homicide upon it.

Members of Parliament cannot any longer plead ignorance of the terrible reality of the sea-going conditions of many British ships. The most competent investigators in the land, under the chairmanship of Lord Merrivale, the Wreck Commissioner, have virtually condemned the existing law on safety at sea during the course of these enquiries into the loss of foundered ships and human life.

It was not, of course, within the province of Lord Merrivale and his colleagues either to express dissatisfaction with the law or to propose amendment of it. Their sole duty was to ascertain whether or not there had been compliance with the law. They went as far as they could when they pointed to conditions where, even when the shipowners strictly observed the law, there was still no margin for safety.

And while there is no reflection whatever on the owners of the ships which have been the subject of enquiry, a lesson has been given to the country on the prevention of future disasters.

The ordinary citizen would imagine that no Government would require much urging to produce new legislation with adequate standards of safety in face of a need so clamant and obvious. But the ordinary citizen is not aware of the powerful influences that can operate to thwart a revision of the law which would entail loss of profit to the owners of vessels that are badly maintained and ill-equipped and insufficiently manned.

Becoming worse

There is reason to believe already, for instance, that it is the intention of the present Government to deal with the lessons of the disaster enquiries so far held in a spirit almost of indifference. It will seek to shelve the responsibility by tinkering piecemeal with the problem, by setting up committees to discuss interminably the type of steering gear, and so on.

If the Government does so, it will be justifiably accused of fooling in the presence of tragedy. For years the position has been grave, and it is steadily being made still worse by the growing intensity of the cut-throat competition between cargo ship owners for commercial survival. Procrastination and patching will only produce sea tragedies more terrible even than those which have startled and dismayed the nation in the past few years.

A completely new code of safety and conditions for British ships and sailors must be provided.

The men who brave the tempests at sea to bring us food and goods are deserving of better and safer boats than many they are compelled to work in, and better working conditions.

Obsolete

The existing Merchant Shipping Act is condemned alone by the fact that it is forty years old, while the principal regulations for the safety of fishing vessels are twice that age.

All the rules and requirements are obsolete or have become so vague and meaningless by the progress and change of maritime conditions that it is easy for any owner to crawl through them with peril alone to the men whose lives are used as gambling counters.

All people who have regard for the good name of the Mercantile Marine will, therefore, irrespective of political sympathy, give their benediction to the work of a joint committee which has been set up to prosecute the demand for an entirely new and thoroughly protective Merchant Shipping Act. It is composed of representatives of the National Union of Seamen and the Transport and General Workers' Union, and has as its chairman, Mr. Ernest Bevin, the general secretary of the latter organisation. Safety of life and the well-being of the crews will be the dominant consideration of this committee in the task it has begun to put the coffin ships in the breakers' yards.

The work and objects of the new body will be more easily performed by the certain support and co-operation of the principal officers' organisations. The happy tendency to collaboration between the representatives of officers and seamen which has been observed in recent events is, indeed, a momentous happening in shipping history.

The scandal of the bad, poorly equipped and insufficiently manned ships carrying British trade across the oceans would never have grown to its present dimensions if the officers had not been gagged. It is a notorious fact that if an officer bears testimony against the conditions of a ship in which he has served, he will almost certainly pass into the wilderness. His name is put on the secret black list, and, with employment difficult enough to obtain as it is, he may as well say farewell to the sea.

That fear has begun to be mastered. The state of many ships is so bad that the voice of the officers will also now be raised.

In all the tense proceedings during the investigation of one disaster, there was no more dramatic moment than when an officer went into the witness box and made a series of the gravest statements. A bewigged counsel signalled to him to pause, and then told the Court that, by giving evidence of the kind, he was imperilling his employment and whole future life. The interruption was an opportunity to the bronzed man in the box to reconsider his position.

For some seconds a far-away look came into his blue eyes. Perhaps he saw again the picture of a sinking ship and his comrades drowning. Perhaps he thought of the hundreds of other ships that leave British ports on what may well be their final voyages. Perhaps he saw the spectre of unemployment if he told the truth.

The officer squared his shoulders, gave a dry little cough, and in calm and even tones continued to pile up his indictment. Every person in court surveyed him with silent admiration.

Winning fight

The fight to obtain a completely new Merchant Shipping Act will inevitably be won whatever devices are used by the present Government to delay and smother the demand. Resistance is already crumbling. A smashing blow against the influences in and behind the Government which seek to maintain the law as it is was delivered when Mr. Bevin's new committee set afoot the movement to obtain the enquiries that have just been held into several disasters.

Whenever disasters involving loss of life occur on the railways or in the air, a public investigation automatically follows, but it is a monstrous fact

SHIP MUST NOT SAIL AGAIN!

that when tragedy visits merchant ships the Board of Trade has always so far obstinately refused to open an enquiry, and has, moreover, failed to give any reasons for not seeking publicity to establish the truth.

It can now be revealed that it was as the spokesman of the new committee of the sea workers' representatives that Mr. Arthur Greenwood achieved a signal triumph in the House of Commons when, by exposure and condemnation, he drove the Government to consent to enquiries into the latest disasters.

Justified

The owners of the ships concerned were not afraid of enquiry; they had nothing to fear, because they had complied with the law.

But greater influences, which dreaded official revelation of the inadequacy of the obsolete law, defied Mr. Greenwood.

When the demand was presented, Mr. Greenwood was openly accused of wildness and gross exaggeration.

Every word he spoke has since been justified by the disclosures at and findings of the enquiries which he forced the Government to concede.

It has been proved that the law gives seamen no margin of safety, and a verdict more damning could not have been given.

If the Government would only show itself prepared to accept it, there is a vast accumulation of evidence at every port in the country for the thorough overhaul of the maritime laws. Ship after ship could be named almost everywhere which would be unhesitatingly condemned as a trap. When these ships sail, it is not uncommon to observe men at the quayside raise their hats or caps in solemn adieu. The rottenness of them is so well known that there is every reason to expect that they will never return. Often men only join their crews when they are faced with the choice of doing so or starving.

Mostly they are cheap ships and not necessarily old. They have deteriorated and become unsafe by lack of proper maintenance. They do not break up. Their bodies become frail with rust and patching, and in storm and stress they are doomed to sink—usually so rapidly that help can seldom reach them in time.

Of course, all these ships carry their certificates of seaworthiness. **That is the crux of the problem. It requires an entirely new Merchant Shipping Act to raise the standards by which cargo vessels can be deemed to be safe, and surveyors can certify them as such. Tinkering with the law, as the Government proposes to do by appointing committees to discuss steering gears and the like, is, in the serious circumstances known to exist, both futile and tragic.**

No chance

As urgent as the need for raising the standards for a ship's structure is that for the provision of easily handled auxiliary equipment for the control of the ship when main gear collapses and for more and better life-saving appliances when disaster is complete.

Great numbers of ships are not only unsafe in themselves by modern standards, but the men in them have not the slightest chance in the end because boats, lifebuoys, lifebelts, rafts, and the like, are both bad and insufficient. It is true that they also may comply with the law—but the standards set by the law have been overwhelmingly proved to be unsafe and murderous.

And, above all else, the new Merchant Shipping Act which the nation will now demand must provide for the adequate manning of the ships. Many sea tragedies of recent years, even in the case of the worst ships, might have been averted if the crews had been sufficient and efficient.

The law specifies that a ship must carry a minimum number of efficient deckhands. To begin with, the number made compulsory is not enough, but worse is the fact that the law does not define what an "efficient deckhand" is, and the Board of Trade has steadfastly refused to give an interpretation.

Shipowners, therefore, in the frantic search for methods to cut costs, are deliberately and callously exploiting this vagueness by signing on as efficient deckhands men and youths with no qualifications of the kind, who can, of course, be engaged for lower wages. Cases are known even of boys being so employed, although they have no sea experience whatsoever.

In the hour of crisis the weak and decrepit ship sinks because the crew is too small and so many members of it are unfit to cope with emergency.

There can be no possible defence of an Act of Parliament which permits cheap labour and loss of life to go hand in hand.

One important reason why the movement to provide the merchant sailors with a new charter of protection has been so strenuously resisted is that redrafting of the Merchant Shipping Act also entails overhaul of the conditions relating to accommodation, food and hours of labour aboard ship. The truth is that these conditions in an astoundingly high proportion of cases will not bear investigation.

Overworked

The public would be aghast if it knew the insanitary, verminous and overcrowded state of many ships. The conditions in which the men eat and sleep are often so bad as to be indescribable, and in thousands of vessels still the food is of poor quality with no regulation for suitable diet according to the weather and the health needs of the men.

But these reforms will almost automatically follow when the present opposition to the fundamental changes in the safety regulations is overcome.

The hostility to the introduction of a new Merchant Shipping Act is not founded on humane or logical grounds.

Therefore the public is bound to give the driving power of its sympathy to the action now being taken to prevent the coffin ships from sailing again.

Lord Merrivale, Chairman of the Wreck Commission which has virtually condemned the existing law on safety at sea

Duping the Deaf

IT is a disquieting fact that the victims of quackery and fee-snatching are found chiefly among the very poor. Untold distress may be caused in homes because of misplaced confidence in individuals who pretend to have discovered cures and remedies for all manner of complaints.

* * *

One of the latest victims of a preposterous medical ramp is a Lanarkshire reader who answered the advertisement of an individual calling himself H. Clifton, who makes his appeal to the deaf from an address at 127, Gray's Inn Road, London.

Clifton's pose is that of an "Aural Specialist" and, according to himself, his treatment has everything to commend it. Like most quacks, he is not at all bashful in the claims he lays before the public.

His advertisements are addressed to the Deaf and imply that a great discovery has been made by which all persons suffering from deafness and noises in the head may find relief. It is said that the method is quite simple and can easily be practised in one's home. "Do not further delay," sufferers are exhorted. "Full particulars will be sent post free."

A very attractive propostion, of course, especially to those who are deprived of the sounds that help to make life worth while.

In response to his letter, our Scottish reader received a booklet entitled "Deafness and How to Cure it," together with what was described as a "diagnosis form," an impressive leaflet, adorned by a regal crown.

It is Clifton's assertion that deafness can be cured by the wearing of ear-drum supports, and the application of lotion and powder, the cost of which is 16s. 6d.

When our reader indicated that he could not afford to pay this fee he was generously allowed to secure the treatment on payment of half the usual amount.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that he received no benefit whatsoever from it.

"So disappointed was I that I wrote to the man," our reader declares, "and told him what I thought of him and his cures. However, he ignored my letters."

We have no hesitation in saying that Clifton's advertisements are misleading and that his booklet is a mischievous document.

Far from being a specialist, he is a postal quack who has been selling his rubbish for years.

He uses an accommodation address, at which he calls for his letters once or twice a week. He has had many such addresses in the past.

* * *

He was once known as Albert William Charles Clark, under which style he formerly practised, until his efforts landed him in the bankruptcy court.

He is a quack whose claims to provide relief for the deaf should be ignored, and people who have the misfortune to be afflicted by ear troubles of any kind should never entrust themselves for treatment to anyone but a skilled and fully qualified medical man.

Is it Plain Sailing?

How easy you find it to take good snaps nowadays, provided you put in a spool of Kodak Film.

For taking good, clear, detailed pictures—the sort you'll look at over and over again—you want absolute reliability, and a special sensitiveness to tone and detail. And that's what you get in Kodak Film—that's what makes snapping on Kodak Film "all plain sailing."

It's

KODAK Film

that makes the picture

8 pictures on these Kodak spools

KODAK "VERICHROME," the famous double-coated 8-picture Film makes fine clear snapshots *whether the day is dull or bright*, and costs 1/2d (2¼ ins. x 3¼ ins. size). Kodak Regular Film: 1/- for 8 pictures (same size). Other popular sizes at proportionate prices. Always ask for "Kodak Film"—sold everywhere by Kodak Dealers.

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

YOU at least have a PLAN

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. Lloyd George

DEAR L. G.,—So once again you are on the job—years late, though—with a plan to spend £250,000,000.

After roughly sketching your ideas in several speeches, you tried to call the Free Churches to action. Then, before starting another platform crusade, you published the New Deal as a sixpenny book. You did it with all the cleverness of the showman that you have been for many years. You timed it. You very cleverly themed its publication.

Now, frankly, as a man who wishes well of anything that could ameliorate to any degree the terrible plight in which this country finds itself, I regret that you did not do something when, in the years that followed the war, you had supreme power, more power indeed than was ever possessed by any other Prime Minister. Even now, I regret that your schemes are largely inflationist. They do not deal with primal causes, but they are an attempt, indeed, to bolster up an effete system.

Although you have been bold, you have not been bold enough. For instance, it was you who, several years ago, led the attack on the bankers. You called them "penguins." You exposed their stupidity.

Now while you declare, in your New Deal, that "the community should be in final control of its own monetary system," you seemingly have no effective way of establishing that control.

When you deal with regional planning, you point out how "the cost might be recouped if the public obtained a fair share of the betterment values which such development would create."

* * *

You point out how "around Golders Green and Edgware, vast fortunes were made for landowners and land speculators by the advent of the Tube—fortunes which paid no tribute at all towards the cost of the transport services that gave rise to them."

You print the estimate that the increased land values created by the construction of the Watford By-Pass Road were sufficient to pay the cost of its construction twenty times over!

But then you dodge land nationalisation. You have nearly gone back to your "Land Song" of pre-war days, except that you do not sing it any more.

Still, I hope you will go on with your crusade with that vigour and humour and courage which have always been part of you.

I do not think your New Deal will ever be backed by either Party or by any considerable section of the community. But I do believe—in fact, I am sure of it—that your crusade will have a great value, when it calls attention to the plight into which the country has sunk, by making people go farther than you would lead them.

I believe that, the more people listen to you, the more will they turn to more drastic remedies than those which you suggest.

You certainly have a great cause for complaint. Whole-heartedly and without reservation, you placed your proposals before the Government. You took your experts with you. You kept nothing back. Then, although you have been very polite about it, you found to your disgust that the Government, urged on by Neville Chamberlain, turned the whole proposals down—every word and every comma!

Whether you were right or wrong, you at least did go along, with a scheme, to a Government which had no scheme. At least you thought something out and, more than that, you supported it with a mass of expert opinions. Yet you were treated almost like an office-boy by the lordly Tories who now run the land, and who stick up in cities where one in every eight is on the Poor Law huge posters boasting of the country's prosperity.

Meanwhile, they waste on arms what should be spent on development. And so far from stopping the arms race, they encourage it. Although money is so cheap, they will spend it on nothing but war.

Now I have been cynical about your crusade, now and then. You have not liked me for it. "You are unkind to me," you have said.

You do not understand that a man like you, one with so many sides to his character, not only sees humour in things himself, but makes other people humorous about him sometimes. After all, you have done so much in your life that nearly everybody objects to you for at least one of the things you have done. We all recognise your drive, however, your courage, your great oratorical skill, your resilience.

Go on with your crusade! Hold your great meetings. Charm, as you always do, the vast audiences that you will attract. Hit out—not that you need to be told to do this, for you love it.

I do not see eye to eye with you. But I have twenty times the respect, even for your failings, as I have for all the smug-faced hypocrisy that boasts of an "80 per cent. prosperity" when so many British cities are in despair, that boasts and shouts of "Success" at a time when so many millions of hearts are breaking.

* * *

It may be your artfulness, or it may be a new exaggerated courtesy that you have learned, but the way in which you have failed to criticise the people who threw you out from 10, Downing Street—you and your experts and your portfolios and your dossiers—is to me an amazing thing. I am afraid, had I been you, I should have wanted to punch somebody on the jaw.

No, L. G., you have done, in the past, a great deal for this country. It owes you many of its social services, now starved by wicked economy. It owes to you what is called "The Dole," which, after the war, saved it from revolution. It owes to you the beginning of a Land Tax scheme which the Tories, of course, killed directly they had the chance.

Now it would owe you still much more if, bold though you are, you would be still bolder, if, instead of developing work schemes that neither Party wants, you would come right over on the side of those who realise that it is not Work that is needed to-day, but Planned Leisure, not of necessity more Production but better use of it, not Wealth but Happiness.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir B. EYRES-MONSELL,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR BOLTON,—I'm glad the Admiralty is in hot water for squandering a million pounds on its new school at Holbrook.

My criticism of this gigantic folly has now been echoed by the Public Accounts Committee, but I shall continue to regret that this body of auditor M.P.s has no power to penalise your Department for so impudent a waste of public money.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL OF MALMESBURY,
London, S.W.

MY LORD,—You think we are indulging in an orgy of sentimental philanthropy and becoming a spoon-fed nation.

Formerly, you know, all the plums went to people born with silver spoons in their mouths. It is a timely change to feed the humbler folk.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. ORMSBY-GORE,
First Commissioner for Works

DEAR SIR,—Why are the uniformed men in Government offices clothed in a heavy-weight material even in the summer?

Many of them have to do hard work, and their claim for a lighter uniform is reasonable enough.

But let the material be of better quality than that used recently—which was so poor that the dye ran!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. W. GUNSTON, M.P.,
Thornbury, Glos

DEAR SIR,—By voting against the sugar beet subsidy, you have given great offence to members of the National Farmers' Union.

Don't worry. Your claim to decide measures on their merits will please far more of your constituents than it will offend.

And many outside your division will admire a spirit of independence at Westminster that is as rare as it is refreshing.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK RIDING,
Blackburn

DEAR SIR,—People of your fine type make one of life's biggest problems. Loving work, you chose a motor-driver's job at £1 for a seven-day week rather than remain on the "dole."

Undoubtedly you were wrong. There are employers who want to exploit men like you and would discharge properly paid workers to do so.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: "Ecclesiastical discretion has too often refused to discuss awkward facts," you admit. And too often Church has been more cowardly than discreet.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. E. F. HOARE,
Coroner for East Sussex

DEAR DOCTOR,—Following the death of a fifteen-year-old lad while playing with an air-pistol, you suggest enquiries should be made as to how the boy had been able to buy ammunition.

I prefer the suggestion repeatedly made in these columns—that air-pistols and other dangerous toys should be prohibited by law.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—Setting aside a sentence of five years' preventative detention passed on a solicitor's clerk, you told him "not to lose faith in himself, but to try again." On the same day, you reduced a young Margate mother's sentence from three years' penal servitude to two months' imprisonment.

You are famous as an after-dinner speaker. I like the way you deal with other "sentences," too.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Last year no fewer than 1,200 innocent people were arrested in London for loitering. The number for the whole country must be enormous.

And there is a suspicion that many people sentenced on a similar charge were not guilty.

Unless you restrain the zeal of the police, the most law-abiding citizen who takes a stroll will be in danger of arrest.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. A. F. HORDERN,
Chief Constable, Cheshire

DEAR CHIEF,—You decided to prosecute fewer motorists and caution them instead. Now you find they are responding to your trust—there is better driving, accidents in your county are decreasing.

Your method might be applied to other non-criminal offences. It would encourage people to play the game.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. E. LANGHORNE,
Lewes

DEAR RECTOR,—You object to country children being educated in the town for fear they might not afterwards care to work on the land.

Surely children in rural areas are entitled to a better schooling than they are now getting, and it is no part of an education authority's duty to try to keep them on the land.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. ABBOTT,
Chief Constable, Scarborough

DEAR SIR,—"We get better conduct from some hooligans," you remark, referring to several instances of wanton damage by members of an O.T.C. camp from Leeds and Durham Universities.

Why not write to the heads of the colleges suggesting that they send a don or two to keep their louts in order?

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE DYER,
Birmingham County Court

YOUR WORSHIP,—I'm sorry you have quashed a demolition order in respect of houses at Sutton Coldfield so rotten that they would fall down if a single part was removed.

Now they are to be used as storage for food or confectionery.

I agree with the local council that they are only fit to be pulled down.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. F. DEWS,
Sedgley, Staffs

DEAR SIR,—A month ago your council ruled that Councillor Harris's seat was vacant because he hadn't attended for six months. At the ensuing by-election he was the only candidate, but his nomination was declared void because he omitted to give his written consent to it. So now it has all to be gone through afresh!

You think this a ridiculous state of affairs. And so does—

JOHN BULL.

"I *must* pay tribute to BUSH RELIABILITY"

says

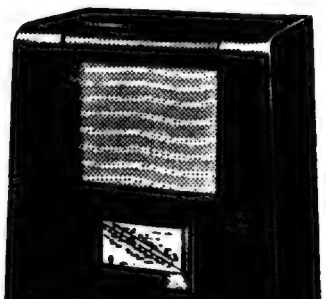
Christopher Stone

IN their last but one Year Book, the B.B.C. described me as being casual but always delightful. I am going to transfer the compliment "always delightful" to Bush Radio, with this important addition—it is never casual. Day after day, for months past my Bush set has kept on bringing me the stations I have sought with a consistency that speaks volumes. It's a lovely, honest job.

In a London newspaper office (don't ask me its name) are placards "Accuracy First." I should imagine that round the Bush Works there are notices reading "Reliability First."

Reliability is important, for remember, an unreliable set always chooses to go wrong just before that very special broadcast—on the night when you have invited all your friends to drop in and listen.

Let me now introduce the newest Bush set. I will not go into details, but as one music lover to another, I say take my advice and hear one.



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MODEL SAC 21. 4-valve (including rectifier) 6 stage super-het. Escalator dial with Station names. Delayed A.V.C. overcomes the annoyance of fading. "Peaceful tuning"—suppresses background noises and has hitherto been a feature of only the more costly Bush super-hets. *3/6 per week or cash*

11½ GNS

DESIGNED & PRODUCED BY GAUMONT-BRITISH RADIO ENGINEERS

BUSH

Appointed agents arrange terms from 2/6d. a week

Bush super-hets from £9.9.0 are sold only by appointed dealers on whom we know you can depend for reliable advice and service.

If you do not know the name of your local Bush dealer please write to Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. JB56, Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.

"Year in, Year out Reliability"

Darkest England —and the WAY OUT

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Government has caught a Tartar in Mr. Malcolm Stewart. When it appointed him Commissioner to deal with the Distressed Areas it doubtless looked to him for the usual "official" report which would shed the customary tears over the problem and leave it very much where it was.

It cannot have expected what it has got. For what it has got is something like an indictment of its policy of inaction.

Mr. Stewart has gone outside his brief. He has not contented himself with shedding tears. He has formulated a policy, and it is a policy so little in accord with the attitude of the Government that we are left wondering what it will do about it.

It cannot ignore it, nor can it endorse it without such a repudiation of itself and such internal rupture as no Government could contemplate cheerfully.

Stricken

Let us look at the situation that Mr. Stewart was appointed to investigate. The Distressed Areas are three great centres of industrial population—the cotton manufacturing district of Lancashire, the shipbuilding and iron and coal area of the North-east coast, and the coal mining district of South Wales.

These are the big black spots in the industrial landscape. They have been made great and populous and wealthy in the past by the staple industries which have been the foundation of Britain's commercial prosperity. But they have been stricken by the world depression and the cult of economic nationalism which has so largely destroyed the export trade.

Unemployment has fallen like a blight on them. It is not casual or occasional unemployment. It is chronic unemployment. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of people have not worked for years. Thousands of young men have never known what it was to work.

In towns like Sunderland or Blackburn the percentage of unemployed reaches as much as 30 or 40 per cent. In the blackest spots of the Distressed Areas the proportion of unemployed reaches or exceeds half the working population.

While there was a prospect that the tide would turn and would float these derelict areas again there was excuse for inaction, and for treating the calamity as temporary and passing. But that prospect has faded. The tide will never rise again to its old level, and the problem of draining this morass of misery and planting new life in it calls peremptorily for instant, urgent and drastic action.

Prosperity—South

It is a problem which is not confined to the Distressed Areas. They are the most spectacular and tragic. But they do not cover the whole field.

What we are witnessing in these years is a mighty revolution which is bleeding one part of England white and pouring the red corpuscles into another part of England. The old staple industries are stagnant and with that stagnation the industrial North is withering.

New industries have come to birth, but these have not put life into the North. They have come to revolutionise the rural South. While towns are decaying and factories and shipyards are closing down north of the Trent, a tide of new life and prosperity is sweeping over the southern shires.

Round London new factories are springing up like mushrooms in a warm summer's night. In the last dozen years or so a vast industrial city, Slough, has come into being almost under the shadow of Windsor Castle. Oxford has become a seething hive of industry. Towns like Wycombe and Chelmsford have felt a new stream of life flowing through their veins, and there is hardly a country town that the wave which is sweeping over the South has not touched.

A new industry for a new town—an ironworks in Welwyn Garden City (Herts), one of the many southern districts to which northern industries have drifted

Nor is it only the new industries which are coming to the rural South. I went recently down the river to Dagenham to see the stupendous Ford works. As I landed at the works I saw a ship being laden with pig iron for Newcastle! Pig iron from the Thames for Newcastle! And inside the works I saw in full blast the greatest blast furnace in the world.

Or consider the latest proposal that has spread dismay in South Wales. I mean the proposal of the great Richard Thomas firm to transfer its tinplate works from the Depressed Area of Wales to the fields and wolds of Lincolnshire. I daresay there are sound practical reasons for the scheme, just as there were doubtless sound reasons for Ford switching over from Manchester to Dagenham.

But we cannot be indifferent to a revolution which is devastating one part of England to enrich another. Still less can the Government be indifferent to it. The nation sinks or swims as a whole, and it cannot swim permanently with a terrific disequilibrium between a sinking North and a buoyant South.

The bearing of Mr. Stewart's report on this great problem is obvious. He makes no claim that he has been able materially to influence the establishment or extension of new industries in the black areas, and he suggests that his failure is due to the fact that the necessary powers were withheld from him that would have induced reluctant industrialists to go there.

His expedients for diverting new enterprises to the stricken areas are mainly two. In the first place, new industries, especially those enjoying the benefit of a tariff, should be established in the areas under licence to be issued if the arrangements for the engagement of labour are satisfactory. In the second place, local initiative for the starting of new industries should be stimulated by financial assistance where it is required.

Whether or no these are held to be the right methods to adopt, it is clear that the Government cannot accept the present drift indifferently. It must strain every nerve to turn the tide back to the great towns which have been the mainstay of industry in the past, where the factories are in being, where the labour is abundant and unemployed, and where the power is running to waste.

If necessary, autocratic powers must be taken in this direction. I am no advocate of the interference of the State in industry; but this business is assuming dimensions where the liberties of private enterprise must, in the interests of the nation as a whole, be subject to certain restraints.

Report's challenge

On the general question Mr. Stewart puts forward a series of proposals which, if not new, are the more weighty because of his six months' study of the problem on the spot. He regards land settlement—not on the scale of the "colossal figures" put forward in some quarters, but carefully controlled—and the transference of labour from the depressed areas as two ways of helping to solve the problem.

He is on sound ground in pressing for the taking of young boys and girls out of the labour market.

He proposes contributory pension schemes at 65, shorter working week, compulsory holidays with pay, the re-establishment of the apprenticeship system, national works, nationalisation of coal royalties, reorganisation of coal selling machinery, and so on.

It is not necessary to suppose that all Mr. Stewart's ideas are wise or that they cover the whole ground. But they constitute a challenge that cannot be ignored. The Government gave Mr. Stewart his commission. He has executed it courageously. Let the Government act upon it with wisdom, but also with courage.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Our Mad "Moderns"

SOME declare in idle numbers:
"Life is but an empty dream";
To the soul that rarely slumbers,
It is more one noisy scream!

Always up and always doing,
Quite determined to be "gay,"
"Pleasure" ceaselessly pursuing—
That's the crackbrained "modern" way!

On they race, behind a barrage
Formed of petrol fumes and noise;
Home's an adjunct to the garage
For these fev'rish girls and boys!

What they want there is no knowing,
But to get it they will strive;
Where precisely they are going
They won't know till they arrive!

Never sleeping, how they chatter,
As they dash about in flocks—
Each as mad as any hatter
In the eyes of Dr. Cox!

And was Dr. Alfred Cox wrong when he told the Health Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute: "We talk a lot about the stresses and strains of modern life, but many of these stresses are self-inflicted"?

He was referring to those self-styled "moderns" who must always be "doing something" and who look upon home as a mere adjunct to the garage, with a bed to sleep in during the early hours of the morning.

"I cannot," he said, "raise any sympathy for the folk who continue a noisy and allegedly strenuous city day life into an equally noisy and strenuous attempt to amuse themselves by night.

"The price of always 'doing something' or 'going on somewhere' is a restless, neurotic life in which an increasing number of people don't know what they want and won't be happy till they get it."

* * *

And they make such a hullabaloo in trying to get it! In fact, now that Chadband has had his whiskers trimmed and his spy-glass confiscated, the "killpeace" is more of a menace than the "killjoy."

It is these spiritual descendants of the out-moded Bright Young People who inspire hymns of hate against the motor-car, when, after midnight, the power of forty horses is employed to take a quartette of asses as rapidly and noisily as possible from wherever-they-happen-to-be to somewhere-or-other-else.

Those to whom one road-house is like another, and any four night clubs the same, only more so, cannot comprehend this wild pursuit of nocturnal boredom. So let a "modern" explain:

Yes, life is a terrible strain and a stress
To we moderns, intent upon pleasure!
The work of the day takes it out of us less
Than the hours when we wrestle with leisure!
We really wake up when the world goes to sleep,
And not till the milk's on the mat
Do we toddle to bed,
With a pain in the head—
But what could be gayer than that?

Our comings and goings some people perplex,
Disturbed by our noisy enjoyment;
Psychologists warn us we'll end up as wrecks,
To doctors we give much employment;
But, on with the racket! since if we should pause,
The world would seem horribly flat!
And one might, perhaps, find
A stray thought in one's mind—
And what could disturb one like *that*?

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE & SONS have helped hundreds to make a good living se.ling Bargain lines in Drapery. Be your own master. Start to-day. Write for Book Free. Worth Pounds.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET MANCHESTER, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 39, Houndsditch LONDON, E.C.3.

CROCKERY, 120 asstd. articles 10/-. Dinner sets Free. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'ware Catlg. & Guide free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Bursiem.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. Easy terms for spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 179-p. Cat. free. MAY (125), Birmingham.

HOSIERY, U'wear. Buy for resale. Large profits. No risk. Illus. cat. free. Beginners instructed. —Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday Street, E.C.4.

FOX BROS for Smallwares, Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc. Keen W'sale Price List Free. Dept. J., 36, Thomas St., M'chester, 4.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in Clubs! The "Sxit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission and postage. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send P.C. NOW for newly issued catalogue. GEO DAY, LTD (Dept. 2), 29, ALTRINCHAM STREET MANCHESTER, 1

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Free gift every agent. Highest commission. Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigs, etc. No outlay. 200-p Art Catlg. & Full particulars.—Eaton & Co. (Desk 33) Wortley, Leeds, 12.

AGENTS WANTED, LARGEST COMMISSION. All Leading Chocolate Manufacturers' Fancy Goods, Toys, Drapery, Jewellery Utility Lines, etc. ALSO MOTOR CAR TO BE GIVEN AWAY. Write to-day for Beautiful Catalogue.—DENNIS & CO., DEPT. 186, COLNE, LANCASHIRE.

UNLIMITED FREE XMAS FEASTS AND Additional Partnership Comms. to LIVE XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Also Top Comms. on Guar. Goods. BEST OFFER IN CLUB TRADE. Splendid Catlg. WRITE NOW.—SUPREME SUPPLIES, Ltd., Dept. B, 89, Lever St., Manchester, 1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted—good commission, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods, Catalogue. —GARRATT, Stockley Street, NORTHAMPTON.

AGENTS wanted for Xmas Club. Highest cash Commission and Free Gifts. Write for 200-page Coloured Catlg. of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc., and partics. of £1,000 Cash Competition Free. Shield Xmas Club, Dept. 14, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS.—No risk. No outlay. SPLENDID COMMISSION Highest quality goods. Lovely FREE XMAS PRESENT every Agent. Jubilee Gift NOW to every applicant. Fine Art Catalogue and terms post free. — MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. Dept. 43, SHIPLEY.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Chocs., Cigs., Everything. Beautiful Catalogue. Highest cash commission and Gifts. Satisfaction guid. Free Gift every inquiry. Embassy, Dept. 14, Brighouse.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs—Good Terms—Cash Commission. Write for beautiful 200-page Catalogue.—MATHERS, Club Suppliers (Dept. 50), Chorley Old Road, BOLTON.

HIGHEST COMMISSION. Xmas Club Agents, Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, Cigarettes, Free Gifts. Huge Catalogue.—GOULD, Hartley Hill, LEEDS.

FREE to you NOW.—Rayon Silk Handkerchiefs and handsome Free Gift value 2/6, together with new Super Xmas Club Catalogue of 700 magnificent lines in Chocs., Fancy Goods, Cigs., etc. Biggest cash commissions. Finest value and service in the trade.—Write now to HOFFBRANDS, 12, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD. Est. 1920.

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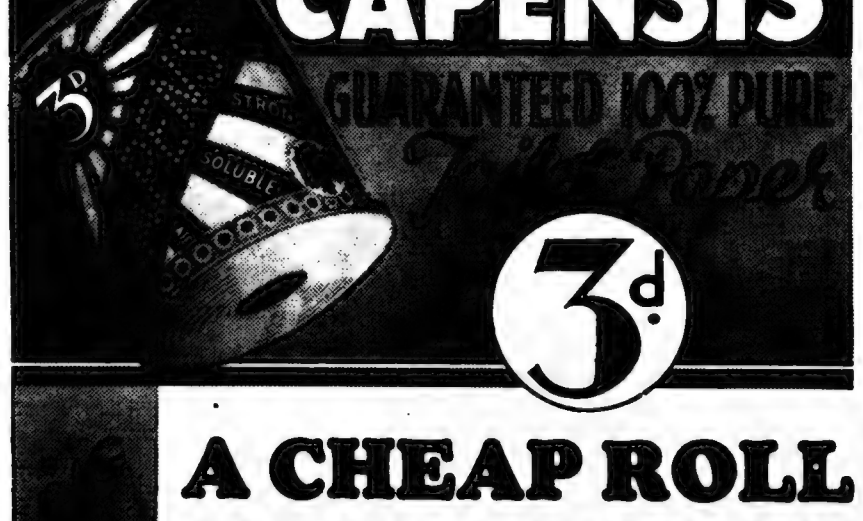
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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1935 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects, and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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DIAMOND RINGS fashioned by British Craftsmen are offered direct from the Bench to Wearer at Workshop prices on easy payments by The London Ring Company on page 3

A GENEROUS Free Gift Offer to You! Read the announcement of Aircraft Products, Ltd., on page 2.

CUCKOO! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! The Clock which delights young and old You can have one now by sending only 1/6 to the advertiser on page 3. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made baby-clothes outfit Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever Complete layette at 20/- or Superior set at 42/-, including best flannels and 12/6 wool shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on approval
MRS J HOWARD,
65 DOVER ROAD PORTSMOUTH.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS. Thornes "Stresgess" steel-braced corners give treble strength. Garden Sheds from 2/6 down, larger buildings equally as cheap. See illus. advt. [illegible] page 2.

CHEAPER than the Summer Sales! Everybody loves a bargain, and by turning to page 2 and 3 you will find the week's best offers. Remember, everything displayed in John Bull's "Shop Window" is sold with a money-back guarantee Get the post-buying habit and save time and money.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums and all Accessories, Trumpets, Guitars, etc. Send 1d. for 46-p cat. free.—Terms J B RAYMOND & CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.

CHRISTOPHER STONE pays a great tribute on p. 12 to the reliability of BUSH Superhet Radio sets which can be obtained from as low as 3/6 a week If you do not know the name of your local Bush dealer write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bush Radio, Ltd. Woodger Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12.

FILL in the coupon in the McMICHAEL RADIO announcement on p. 33, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, for full particulars of the new McMichael 4-valve A.C. Superhet just introduced, and which can be obtained on easy terms. The address is given in the advt.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.) 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (427Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ARE you suffering from a Cold or Influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

CONSTIPATION successfully banished. Chemist's tested formula. 1/3 and 2/- post free. C. Bransom, 8a, North End Rd., Ldn., N.W.11.

FOR SAFETY take Simpkins Chemists' Confections: made only for your good health. Sold exclusively by 10,000 qualified chemists.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

DOCTORS say that in summer the blood gets thin. This condition is called "Summer Fog." You feel limp and run-down. HALL'S WINE quickly builds new red blood cells and ends "Summer Fag." Start a course of Hall's Wine to-day, taking two or three wineglassfuls every day. It will give you new summer strength. See p. 23.

FREE to indigestion sufferers! Accept the amazing generous offer of a free 9d. tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER on p. 36. All you need do is to fill in the coupon and post to the address appearing in the announcement.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the back cover.

SPECIAL free sample offer to indigestion sufferers Cut out the coupon in the Cicfa announcement on p. 16. Send with your name and address and 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a generous free supply of CICFA, the well-known remedy for all digestive complaints. Nearly 20,000 doctors have used Cicfa, and are confident are the proprietors of the efficacy of this wonderful remedy that they invite every reader of *John Bull* to accept this free sample offer, only one of which can be given to each family. Be sure to address your envelope to Cicfa Co., Ltd., King George's Avenue, Watford.

MISCELLANEOUS

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11 Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

SOMETHING quite different in shampoos! Try EVE Shampoo, the new discovery. It improves every type of hair — helps it to grow lovelier and silkier—and the price is only 2d! See p. 23.

ACCEPT this free sample offer of Four Square Tobacco. Fill in the special coupon on p. 35 and enclose 3d. stamp to cover part postage, and you will receive a generous sample of Four Square Empire Mixture de Luxe. If you would like samples of all the other blends of Four Square Tobacco, send 1/- to cover part postage, and be sure to address Dept. J.B., Messrs. Geo. Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland. Turn to p. 25 now.

FREE.—The most liberal offer ever made to men—An Ever-Ready Razor and one blade free with one tube of PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM. You could never spend a 1/- to better purpose than this. Make sure of your free gift by going to your dealer at once.

FREE.—A copy of FOSTER CLARK'S illustrated list of Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from packets of Foster Clark's Cream Custard.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Foster Clark, Dept. J.B.3, Maidstone, Kent.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the back cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

HERE'S a useful free booklet of practical value to those who picnic and camp out. Write to Armour and Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., Armour House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1, for a copy of Armour's "Hints for Picnics and Holiday Camping," full of useful information.

FREE.—Write to Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Dept. R.Z.4, The Cocoa Works, York, for a free Gift Booklet of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Table Jellies (Cocoa Coupons also count). Mention *John Bull* when writing.

NAIL BITING! A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 31 Broadway, Crouch End, London N.8.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Prodigal Financier Returns

Happy workers for a flourishing fish concern; Mr. Fisher's project failed to meet with similar success

BRICKS are the foundation of the latest activities of a City of London financier, **against** whom all private investors should beware, because my records show that a number of people who have supported him financially have been ruined. Consequently I want to safeguard the public.

The man in question is Henry Maurice Martin Fisher, formerly of Southend-on-Sea, but lately with an address at a railway hotel in London.

Martin Fisher is the inspiration behind a small nest of private companies, which have their headquarters in St. Swithin's Lane, off the bankers' quarter of Lombard Street, London.

According to Fisher's statements he has secured the rights for this country of a special Dutch brick-making invention by which bricks can be turned out for the builder's use in much shorter time than by the normal method.

Sound Invention

Through his companies Fisher is attempting to exploit the invention. One of the companies is to be a holding concern to draw manufacturing royalties, while a second is to be an operating company to acquire brickfields in different parts of England, and to supply the building trade.

I am assured from an independent source that the Dutch invention is quite sound, and has fine possibilities, so it is all the greater pity that Martin Fisher is linked with it on this side, for there is nothing in his record that gives the slightest confidence. A number of his grandiose schemes of fortune making have failed, and have brought very heavy losses to speculators.

Some of his supporters have had to face the ignominy of the Bankruptcy Court because they believed in Martin Fisher. Actually, Fisher is himself an undischarged bankrupt. He was made bankrupt nearly five years ago, and is still in that unsatisfactory condition.

His bankruptcy in 1930 occurred only five months after his discharge from a previous bankruptcy, which operated for no less than seven years. What a record of financial disaster!

Yet in spite of all this Fisher comes up again and starts a fresh enterprise.

Evidence of the suffering which he has brought in his train was provided during a bankruptcy case which came before the High Court only a few weeks ago.

Fortune lost

In that case it was shown that an elderly Scotsman, named Arthur Cuthbert, had lost the whole of his fortune through his connection with Fisher and his different propositions. Cuthbert, who at one time was quite wealthy, was reduced to poverty, and died with scarcely a penny to his name.

Cuthbert, before his death, was so poor that he could not meet his bill at a London boarding-house. Only the charity of the proprietress of the house provided Cuthbert and his wife with a roof above their heads.

Looking back through my files I find that Martin Fisher last came under our notice in 1933.

He then induced a married woman at Southend-on-Sea to invest £10,000 in exchange for certificates for £16,000 shares in the Ubique Construction Company, Ltd., of which Fisher was the secretary. Those certificates were completely useless, for the company went into liquidation, with a total deficiency of nearly £70,000.

It was through the Ubique Construction Company that Fisher maintained that he had secured a contract of £1,000,000 with the Manchester Corporation in connection with that city's great waterworks undertaking. Really, the contract with the Corporation was for the building of bungalows.

Investigating still further the "achievements" of this undischarged bankrupt, I learn that he fathered an abortive project to erect a pier at Westcliff-on-Sea in which a considerable amount of money was sunk.

Then he was interested in fish packing business at Southend. Trouble arose and there was a court action over the possession of 1,323 fish barrels supplied to Fisher. Southend boatmen who sold their catches to Fisher were never paid.

An emerald mine; rubber bearing plantations in South America, and real estate in London were among other interests which Fisher fostered at different times to the monetary detriment of individuals whose support he secured. There is little in the way of speculative companies which Fisher will not touch.

Still waiting

One company director in the City advanced £1,500 through the persuasions of Fisher to pay an instalment on the purchase of an estate in Brazil. He has had nothing back on his loan, and remains without further news of the supposed valuable land.

Now I will deal with Fisher's latest private companies. They are three: The Braemar Trust, which is registered to carry on the business of "bankers, capitalists, financiers, concessionaires, merchants, underwriters and promoters." In 1932, when this company was practically derelict, Fisher secured the registration and Mrs. Fisher, his wife, was made one of his directors.

The Braemar Trust has no real resources. Indeed, I learn that the company is owing money in salary to its secretary, and has been in difficulties in meeting the rent of its offices.

Five have gone

In the same stable as the "Braemar" is the Anglo-General Brick Trust, Ltd., which was registered last year "to enter into an agreement with Henry Maurice Fisher and to carry on business as manufacturers of bricks, tiles, pipes, pottery, etc."

This concern has a capital of £60,000 in £1 shares which have all been allotted for cash. Fisher himself, according to the particulars at Somerset House, appears to hold more than 30,000 shares.

During the company's year of life five directors have thought fit to resign from the board

Another £60,000 private company, promoted by Fisher, is the Brick and General Corporation, Ltd., but, so far, there is no filed information as to allocation of the shares.

Up to the present neither of the two brick companies has carried out any manufacturing. Yet Fisher is making frequent journeys between London and Holland in furtherance of the prospective business.

The public should be cautious about listening to his stimulating sales talk. Those who are wise will seek some other outlet for their savings!

Write to JOHN BULL About It!

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Ridicule and Discipline

DURING the recent heat wave a long-haired dog seemed to be suffering so much that his well-meaning owner clipped his coat short to make him cool. The unfortunate animal's appearance was in consequence so grotesque that everyone who saw him roared with laughter.

This the dog could not stand. It mortified him so much that the moment a visitor appeared he would slink out of sight anywhere rather than be exposed to the ridicule he had come to dread.

By nature he was anything but shy; he was always full of curiosity and ready to assert himself; but, like Samson shorn of his locks, all his natural force went out of him when he lost his coat and because an object of mirth and merriment.

That dogs are sensitive in this way is well known to all dog-lovers. Jack London's "White Fang" gives a vivid description of the way in which a dog's disposition was spoiled and made ferocious, partly by harshness, but still more by his being made an object of mocking laughter and scorn when he was set to fight another and stronger dog.

It is as cruel to make a sensitive dumb creature the butt of thoughtless ridicule as to ill-treat him physically.

The same is true of children. A schoolmaster has just been enlarging on what he calls the false humanitarianism of the hour which shrinks from the infliction of corporal punishment. He argues that we ought not to be so squeamish about using the cane, and holds that the youth of the nation would be the better for more of this kind of discipline.

* * *

Perhaps it would, though I doubt it: it all depends on the child. Some children have been irretrievably injured for life by injudicious punishment which has bruised their souls; but of the two the cane is less dangerous than exposing a sensitive child to ridicule, especially in comparison with other members of the family or with his schoolmates.

If you want to destroy a boy's self-respect and unfit him for the bearing of responsibility, make him a joke. It is a wicked thing to subject him to the contempt of his equals, let alone his superiors.

When one realises how helpless a child is, how lacking in self-confidence unless treated with love, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the harm that may be done to his moral nature by turning everything he says or does into matter for jeers and jests.

You may easily make him vicious in that way but you cannot do him good, and you can inflict untold ignominy upon him that he will try to hide. A child can suffer intensely under a devil-may-care exterior.

The same principle extends to all human intercourse. It is a good rule never to use the weapon of ridicule towards anyone who is not in a position to answer back on the same terms.

Humbug and pretentiousness are best laughed to death as they often are; but be careful lest when you laugh with the crowd you may be engaging in the laughter of fools. As the old proverb has it, he laughs best who laughs last.

Mutual chaff tends to good humour when there is plenty of give and take. Laugh with a man instead of at him and you keep his friendship. Do the opposite and you may stir up hate.

Why let a delicious meal cause hours of Agony?

FAT MEAT DIGESTED IN INTESTINES
LEAN MEAT DIGESTED IN STOMACH
SALAD DIGESTED IN INTESTINES
PASTRY DIGESTED IN INTESTINES

Symptoms which tell sufferers the truth about their INDIGESTION

If a meal like this makes you bilious—gives you a dull heavy headache—a yellow tongue—makes you feel swollen and uncomfortable for hours—then it's no use putting all the blame on your stomach. Your whole digestive tract is cluttered up with *undigested* food. Fermenting, hardening masses, devoid of precious digestive juices, are moving slowly and painfully through your system. This causes harmful poisons to irritate and upset your whole system, making you ever more reluctant to face a meal.

What has happened that punishment like this should be served out to you? Just this: nervous weakness or physical strain has stopped the flow of digestive juices in your stomach and intestines. You were run down, worried, lacked sleep, had been overworking. Indigestion started. Your whole body weakened through lack of nourishment. *Now, you can definitely stop this process!* You have in CICFA Brand Tablets a remedy actually capable of digesting a hearty meal for you: able to turn it into perfect nutriment for your bloodstream and nerves. Ask *your* Doctor about CICFA.

(pronounced SIKFAH) **CICFA** BRAND TABLETS **FOR STOMACH AND INTESTINAL INDIGESTION**

Read This Doctor's Letter:

"I have suffered a good deal from Flatulent Dyspepsia myself . . . your tablets invariably give me relief. The formula is an excellent one, especially for cases with difficulty in digesting starchy foods."—M.B., C.M.

This is but one of many hundreds of letters from Doctors themselves. This wonderful formula restores your strength, and promptly starts the flow of natural gastric juices — gradually bringing a perfect cure. CICFA Tablets are then no longer needed.

INTESTINAL INDIGESTION *causes*

GASES in **ABDOMEN** or flatulence. Dull heavy **HEADACHES. ACIDITY** causing gout and **RHEUMATISM. TONGUE COATED** yellow at back. **COMPLEXION** muddy or pasty. Lack of **APPETITE. BILIOUSNESS** or bad taste in mouth. **PAINS** in abdomen. Griping and **CONSTIPATION.**

STOMACH INDIGESTION *causes*

GASES in **STOMACH** with eructations, or wind. Sharp neuralgic **HEADACHES. ACIDITY** in stomach and **HEARTBURN. TONGUE COATED** white all over. **COMPLEXION** blotchy with redness of nose. **EATING** disliked, and nausea. **PAINS** darting through chest.

Nearly 20,000 Doctors have used CICFA in their practice. With this treatment you can enjoy *and digest* a full appetising meal. Begin your very next meal with a CICFA Tablet. Continue for a few days.

Soon you will be living proof of this remarkable treatment. General health improved—appetite splendid. Let CICFA win *you* that longed-for perfect digestion!

Of all Chemists **1/3 & 3/-**

COUPON

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a Free Supply of this wonderful CICFA. This well known remedy, eminently successful in general medical practice, is instantly available to every Dyspeptic. Only one sample given to each family. Address your envelope to CICFA Co., Ltd., King George's Avenue, Watford.

John Bull. 27-7-35.

CHEATS Behind the Counter

EVERY housewife in the country is—at some time or other—affected by the deliberate, carefully calculated fraud of short-weight sales.

Our records show that more than 2,200 convictions were obtained—in the last year for which returns are available — for offences under the Weights and Measures Acts. Each one of these convicted cases meant a swindle on the public.

Unfortunately, this kind of misdemeanour is increasing. In the previous year the convictions numbered 1,800.

Apparently more dishonest traders are inflicting their tricks on the public each year, in spite of the highly organised and clever preventive work of a small army of local government inspectors.

Thousands wrong

Some idea of the immense amount of work done by these detectives in London can be obtained from consideration of the following statistics:

During one year no fewer than two million different weighing machines and measuring instruments were examined and tested in the City and County of London. The figure of incorrect scales and measures rejected was 45,000 for the county and 38,000 for the City.

In the course of their duties the inspectors visited 112,000 different premises.

Hunting for the dishonest coal merchant, the inspectors examined 45,000 tons of coal in transit or at delivery, and weighed no fewer than 19,000 tons.

Yet with all this intensive supervision —of which the London returns are just an example—the swindle of short weight and measure flourishes abundantly.

Some of the rogues who make ill-gotten gains from giving incorrect weight or wrong delivery of goods are notorious.

Cases could be quoted of prosecutions against the same trader time after time. An East London bakery concern, for example, has sold short weight bread persistently, undeterred, apparently, by the fines of £50 that have been enforced in penalty by magistrates.

Then there is the Fulham, London, coal merchant, Allen Noades, who for more than forty years has been robbing his customers by short deliveries. Prosecutions against this crook are innumerable. He has been fined and sent to prison for his wrongdoing, but still continues.

His last conviction was at the Wealdstone Police Court, Middlesex, where he received a sentence of four months' hard labour for selling coal short to residents in Kenton, Harrow.

One of the many tricks employed by the fraudulent dealer. The string or elastic, attached to the scale, is pulled down, behind the counter, by the tradesman's foot

AMAZING SHORT-WEIGHT TRICKERY

A particularly dangerous kind of trick has lately been discovered in the Midlands This occurs at shops which are also sub-post offices.

Goods are sold across the counter and are weighed on the Post Office scales. If those scales are correct, well and good. But if the scales happen to be inaccurate and to register against the purchaser, then the tradesman who benefits from the incorrect short weight is free and untouchable.

Because the scales happen to be Government property no effective proceedings can be taken by the local inspector of weights and measures. That question has been tested in the courts, with the result that the prosecution against the trader, who was also a sub-postmaster, was dismissed.

And in a number of sub-post office general shops the scales supplied for postal services and used also for the weighing up of ordinary purchases have been found to favour the trader.

Illicit gains on this short weight and measure traffic may be small individually, but they are enormous in the aggregate when spread over the whole country

Really it is so easy to manipulate scales and weighing machines to the advantage of the owner and the detriment of the customer. Bored out weights, with the hole filled with cork or some other light substance and then cunningly covered, are rarities in these days. The scales robber is more discreet.

One of the most usual devices to make ordinary scales dishonest is to use a thin elastic band, which is stretched across the balance and exerts an undue pull against the weighing side. The tension of an elastic band can be so regulated as to make a stamped and authorised pair of scales incorrect by as much as three ounces in the pound!

Cannot see

Such a swindle can only be detected by an examination of the scales. The customer cannot possibly see what is happening, and the weights, when tested, are found to be absolutely accurate.

With the modern spring balance which operates a pointer to show the weight on a dial, interference is more intricate.

By far the most common subterfuge with spring balances is to "weigh the hand as well as the goods. When a purchase is placed on the balance, the dishonest trader uses the pressure of his hand to raise the indicating needle to the required mark and so rob his customer.

Difficulties are greater with liquid measures. Yet it is possible for an unscrupulous publican to buy up a stock of glasses which have a forged half-pint mark on them or even reputed half and pint tankards with false bottoms.

This robbery has grown to such proportions that new legislation is now before Parliament to deal with particular aspects of the scandal.

A Bill has been introduced before the House of Lords by Lord Templemore, Captain of the Yeoman of the Guard, to enforce, among other things, additional regulations with regard to the distribution of milk in bottles.

Fit the crime

Under the existing law, the bottles in which milk is supplied should rightly be individually tested and stamped as accurate measures. But the separate testing and stamping of the millions of milk bottles in daily use would be an impossible task. Therefore the law has never been enforced.

In consequence, the public is fleeced by certain unscrupulous dairymen to the extent of many thousands of pounds a year by shortage in milk measurement.

That, at least, will be remedied if Lord Templemore's amending Bill passes into law. New bottles, as they pass into circulation, will have clearly shown quantity lines on the exterior. Short measure thereafter will become an impossibility.

Legislation such as this to safeguard the housewife is one step in the right direction.

What is needed to stamp out this abominable traffic is a grade of penalties to fit the crime.

Prison is the fitting punishment for the persistently dishonest trader who with forethought and design robs the public.

The £2 Tea Snare

A VARIATION of the Tea Ramp is being worked in London and the provinces by a group of door-to-door salespeople who are usually women. Housewives in East London are among the victims of this latest form of trickery.

A bright-eyed young saleswoman who represents the Arora Tea Company, of New Oxford Street, London, has been campaigning in that area.

* * *

She called at a house in Free Mill Lane, Bromley-by-Bow, and persuaded a worried housewife to buy a pound of tea at three shillings a pound.

This glib-tongued saleswoman explained to her victim that as an advertisement she would be given a free gift of £1 if she bought a pound of tea for four weeks in succession.

If a pound of cocoa was also bought the free gift at the end of four weeks would be £2.

This poor woman victim agreed to take a pound of tea for four weeks, and waited hopefully at the end of the month for her gift.

The saleswoman continued to call week after week with explanations for the non-arrival of the bonus of £1, and promising that her name would be printed in the next gift list.

For seven weeks this poor woman was persuaded to pay 3s. a pound for an inferior tea in the hope that she would get a gift which did not materialise.

The proprietor is shrewd enough not to put any fantastic offers on his handbills, which offer five shillings for sixty tea packet coupons.

But there is an announcement: "Look out for our Free Gifts—£1 to selected customers who are regular users of our tea or cocoa and £2 to selected customers who are regular users of both."

* * *

Among the names of users who have been awarded a gift of £1 is a woman whose address is Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W., a terrace which is the home of millionaires!

We can only urge worried housewives not to be tricked into buying cheap tea dearly by such offers. Any door-to-door tea seller with glib £2 gift offers should be shown the gate.

MAN'S BEST OUTDOOR FRIEND

Julysia

THE CREAM OF HAIRDRESSINGS

THE END OF UNRULY OUTDOOR HAIR

Every man who enjoys outdoor activities during Summertime knows how aggravating unruly hair can be. Not only is it annoying to feel one's hair flopping wildly about, but you can't possibly feel smart and at your best. Here at last is the sure way of taming unruly outdoor hair. It is JULYSIA, the new "Cream of Hairdressings." This marvellous hair cream not only ensures a neat, smart appearance on your most active days, but all the time it is feeding and strengthening the natural oils which keep the hair healthy and strong.

JULYSIA is non-sticky, free from starch and gum, and has a tonic action which promotes vigorous glossy hair. Moreover, it will not soil hatbands or pillows. Just try JULYSIA once and you will never use any other form of dressing for your hair.

1/- and 1/6 per bottle. 6D. Sample Size

JULYSIA
CREAM
THE CREAM OF HAIRDRESSINGS IMPARTS A GLOSSY APPEARANCE AND FIXES THE HAIR FOR THE WHOLE DAY
SHAKE THE BOTTLE

JULYSIA

HAIR CREAM • •

Obtainable at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores in the United Kingdom, including all branches of BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITE'S, TAYLOR'S.

A Product of JULES FRERES, LTD., LONDON, S.E.17.

The 'Old Lady' shows her MEANNESS

BRITAIN, among all the countries of the world, is least troubled by counterfeiting of its currency. The fact is so well known that even abroad an English banknote is seldom scrutinised for genuineness.

Simple though they seem to be in texture, tone and pattern, Bank of England notes actually present more difficulty to the forger than the more ornate issues of other countries.

Detection of the spurious is usually easy and quick, and the methods of the police and the private investigators of the Bank are so effective that not only is large-scale unloading of bogus notes almost invariably prevented, but it is also rare for forgers and their agents to remain long untraced.

Indeed, Scotland Yard has far fewer failures in solving cases of forgery and counterfeiting than in the other categories of skilful and specialised crime.

More than any other bank in the world, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as the Bank of England is affectionately known, has reason to be proud and jealous of the universal acceptance of the infallibility of her currency.

This knowledge that it is almost immune from adulteration and that attempts to debase it are so speedily frustrated unquestionably contributes substantially to the prestige and to the credit of the Bank of England among other nations as well as preserves confidence in its note issues at home.

At wits' end

How, then, does the Bank of England respond when it does become a victim for years of a great forgery plot, and when, as has happened lately, the conspirators have at last been traced—solely by outside help—and brought to justice?

Almost everyone would believe that in such circumstances the Bank would certainly act graciously and generously towards those who had rendered it a service of the kind—particularly as the detection of the source of a fraud upon its currency must be as conspicuous a service as could be performed to a State bank.

The public may, to say the least, find cause for surprise when it learns the facts behind the recent unravelling of a big forgery plot, and the manner in which the Bank of England has requited those who were able to solve a deep mystery and to capture a master criminal and his accomplice.

The two men have now been sent to prison—one to serve seven years' penal servitude—but, for various reasons, the story of their operations and the method by which they were caught was not disclosed at their trial at the Old Bailey.

It was desirable in the public interest that much detail should be suppressed, and it is not the intention of JOHN BULL to make any of these facts known now. The events that can be related are sufficient to illustrate the manner in which the Bank of England acknowledged the help of citizens who protected its currency.

Unknown to the community, the Bank of England and the police have been almost at their wits' end for the past five years in an effort to stem and find the origin of a large number of spurious banknotes.

The notes, which were distributed in various parts of Britain at different times, were the acme of the forger's craft. Only an expert could distinguish them, and then only after very close examination. That fact, together with the regularity with which they appeared and the inability of the police to obtain the slightest clue to the authors, represented the only known exception to the rule that successful and protracted banknotes forgery is almost impossible in Britain.

The entire police organisation of the country was foiled for five years by the skill and cunning of the fraudulent note printers. Not once, anywhere, had they ever left the smallest trace of their identity.

Then one night two retired detective-sergeants of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Thomas Laven and Mr. Thomas Tongue, were present at one of the large London greyhound racing tracks. They were there on purely private business, and had neither thought nor knowledge that they were likely to bring a great forgery plot to an end.

Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue—they were given £10 each for catching forgers who had troubled the Bank and foiled the police for years!

A Bank of England Reward!

Fresh notes

One of the ex-detectives had his attention attracted by the betting methods of a well-dressed man in the principal enclosure. He was seen to tender small bets to different bookmakers in the ring, and on each occasion to present a banknote, although he had obtained sufficient change by each transaction to pay for the other bets.

It was also observed that he left the ring after each bet, and when Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue, their curiosity aroused, followed and watched him, it was to discover that he was with a friend in the grand stand who gave him a fresh note on each visit

The behaviour of the two men corresponded with that of what are known among counterfeiters as the "carrier" and the 'dropper." The "dropper" has in his possession at any time only one bogus banknote, lest his activities are suspected and so that he can plead that he obtained it innocently. When it is successfully changed, he returns to the "carrier" for another note.

Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue next asked one of the bookmakers to show them one of the notes. The closest inspection did not then reveal it as false. But the ex-detectives were able by the smell to judge that it was not genuine.

Secret chamber

Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue next incurred a risk, which, if their suspicions had been unfounded, might have brought grave consequences for them. They took the two men to the racecourse offices.

There the discovery was complete.

The "carrier" had a packet of beautifully copied notes in his coat.

The police were called, and when the news was telephoned to Scotland Yard a raiding party of the Flying Squad was despatched to the house of one of the arrested men.

He lived in a country villa at Eastcote, Middlesex, and there the police found a locked and secret chamber, of the existence of which even the man's family were not aware.

The contents of that chamber are now Exhibit No. 1 in the Black Museum of Scotland Yard. They form the most complete and scientifically exact forgery plant ever seized. Eight engraved plates were used for the production of each note, and the design was perfect even to the tiniest lines. And the paper and fluids used were the best imitations of the genuine materials ever employed by forgers.

In the chamber was a notice written by the master forger requesting that, if he died, the plant and stock should be destroyed without examination.

After the trial and sentence of the two men, Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue were commended by the judge for their fine detective work. Although they had succeeded where the police had failed, Scotland Yard also magnanimously praised their achievement.

It became known that the Bank of England was also anxious speedily to recognise the magnificent service given to it, and, it was said, would show its appreciation on a scale commensurate with the extent of the five years' mystery which had caused such anxiety and loss.

In due course Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue were invited to meet a representative of the Bank of England.

They were each presented with £10!

The defence put forward to explain away this meanness is that it is the duty of all private citizens to make known crime without any expectation of reward.

All good citizens, including Mr. Laven and Mr. Tongue, will subscribe to that view. But, surely, the unusual circumstances of this particular case make it one apart.

Another plea put forward on behalf of the Bank of England is that it never suffers material loss from the dissemination of forged notes—the loss falling always, of course, upon the last members of the public who accepted the notes. That also is true, but it does not provide a reason for such scanty acknowledgment of a splendid feat of detection as this in a crime of the most menacing kind that had for long baffled the authorities.

JOHN BULL does not consider further comment necessary. The conscience of the public will be a fit jury for the Bank of England.

His Golden Minute

"HE was struck dumb when he saw what had happened."

Most people will tell you that such statements as this are mere figures of speech. Never having suffered a severe shock themselves, they cannot imagine that a person can have his hair turned white in a night, or can lose his power of speech for weeks—if not permanently.

Yet among the many instances that doctors could advance in proof is one that happened recently at Westcliff-on-Sea.

There, a man who was leaving the house unattended for some time went through the ritual of seeing that gas-taps and electric light switches were off, a ritual that most housewives practise daily. When he slammed the front door on the little home he had built up bit by bit he was satisfied everything was secure.

He little knew that even at that moment there was growing, growing, growing under the stairs a tiny spark that was to destroy all his worldly goods.

The Fire Brigade was at his door when he returned. There were crowds, shouting, spouts of water, tongues of flame and columns of smoke.

Seeing it at once as the starkest tragedy of his life, he collapsed. When they brought him round he had lost his power of speech. And not until a long time afterwards were they able to get his tongue to function again.

It was great news to this tortured householder that the loss of his goods would fall not on himself at all, but on JOHN BULL, of which he was a regular and enthusiastic reader.

He had been wise enough to fill in the all-important coupon which we print every week—you will find it now on page 2—and so qualify for the help of our unique free insurance scheme.

Hasn't it ever occurred to you that a minute spent at that coupon might save you, in the end, from a lifetime of regret?

What's Wrong with the Hospitals (5)

told by the PATIENTS Themselves

THERE is a deliberate double meaning in the general title chosen for JOHN BULL'S Hospitals Enquiry. We are *asking*, as well as stating, "What's wrong with the hospitals?" and our thanks are due to the large numbers of readers who have seen that point and have written to us giving their experiences.

Their letters are so many and so various, and provide such poignant and bitter testimony to the charges we have made, that we think it as well to interrupt the course of the enquiry and print some of them.

One of our readers says, "I am amazed at the moderation you exhibit in your description of the scores of abuses the sick and needy have to put up with. . . ." Reading through some of these letters we are amazed ourselves!

Chaos

On one subject alone of the several we have already dealt with —the chaos of the out-patient departments, the scandals of overcrowding and waiting—there is enough material here for a more formidable indictment than any we could produce from the cold evidence of official reports and Blue Book statistics.

Here, for instance, is the story of a Surrey mother. We tell it in full —in her own words:

"Many times I have been going to write you about *my* grievance against the hospitals, and now after these articles in JOHN BULL I feel I must.

"You see, nearly three years ago we lost a darling little daughter through what I consider was the needless waiting in an out-patients' department. Pauline was four years and three months old. One day she was complaining of what I thought were bilious attacks.

"She was sick one day, better the next, but ill again the same night. There were 'tummy' pains, too, so the following morning I took her straight away to a good and clever doctor.

"He examined her, said he thought it was appendix trouble, and advised me to take Pauline to the hospital.

"He gave me a letter to the specialist fully describing my little girl's symptoms, and said that if I got to the out-patients' department *before* 12.30 *p.m.* I should see the man he wanted me to see.

Told to wait

"I got there at 12.20. After waiting on a bench with many others, a doctor (I think it was a doctor) came along, read the letter I had brought, sealed it in a new envelope, asked me a few questions and told me to wait.

"After some time I was told to get up from the bench and go round the corner and wait for the almoner. More time here waiting in a queue with my little girl, and after the interview with the almoner I was told to take my place in a row out in the hall.

"My darling was crying now with pain but we couldn't see anybody yet. Just before 2 *p.m.* a Sister came along, and I ran out from my place to her, pleading with her that it was important for my little girl to see the doctor.

"She told me to wait. I asked her how long, and she said that she couldn't say. I sat down again.

"At 2.40 Pauline was moaning and talking funny, and I caught the Sister again and told her that if I couldn't see the doctor at once I must take my baby somewhere else. After some argument the Sister found a cubicle and a doctor who would see my darling. He examined her, said it *was* appendix, and that it had burst and they must operate at once.

"I took her to the children's ward where they told me the surgeon would operate at 3 p.m. and that I could call back between five and six o'clock. I came back at a quarter to six with daddy, but we were told that Pauline had only just gone down to the 'theatre.' We came back again an hour later and saw our darling, but of course she was unconscious.

'My heart will ache'

"Sister said she thought that the 'op.' was successful, but Pauline was very ill, because they had discovered that the appendix was gangrenous! At nine o'clock they fetched us back and told us that we must stay all night.

"Our darling passed away at one o'clock next morning.

"The doctor said that he couldn't understand why. But, he said, she had had convulsions under the anæsthetic. I know that they had all done their best *after* the operation.

"All my life my heart will ache when I think of her waiting those hours, trusting and believing in everybody because I had told her that the doctor was going to make her better.

"I had always thought that people who 'run down' hospitals were ignorant fools. But I know now *why* they do, and I should dread having to take my other little girl to hospital for any reason. I so hope that JOHN BULL, our champion, will be able to do something to stop this awful waiting."

There is, in the experience of that mother so simply told, an agony that all mothers can feel. And something for savage indignation.

What is the use of all our hospitals' much-boasted medical and surgical efficiency when such things can happen? The whole burden of the charge is in the simple phrase of that sad mother, "I know that they had all done their best *after* the operation. . . ."

What had they done before? Every doctor, every nurse knows that a suspected "acute appendix," especially in a child, is an issue in which every minute counts. It is as much an emergency matter as a bad street casualty.

Yet in spite of the mother's story and her plea for haste, in spite of a letter from her doctor telling of his suspicions, she had to wait more than two hours with her sick child slowly lapsing into delirium and a condition beyond the best skill of the surgeon.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—*A happy mother greeted by her child*

Stopped at gates

Somebody—"*read the letter I had brought . . . sealed it in a new envelope and told me to wait.*"

That even one such case can happen is enough to condemn the out-patient system, however admirably our voluntary hospitals, in the face of enormous difficulties, endeavour to carry on their great work as a whole. But there are plenty more heartrending cases like that mother's.

Here is a letter from an Essex mother revealing another and almost incredible aspect of the hospital services.

"On December 14, 1933, my baby son, seventeen months old, had a kettle of boiling water over him. There are three doctors near me, but none of them live on the premises, so I thought it would be quicker to get to the hospital

"I did not know my way about the district then, and it took me ten minutes' quick walking to get to the hospital. It was a bitterly cold morning. I had my son wrapped in a heavy blanket and he was almost unconscious.

"When I reached the hospital I was stopped at the gates. I stated that my baby had been terribly scalded, but was told that they didn't do casualty cases there. I was told to get a tram to another hospital, which meant another quarter of an hour's journey before he could get treatment.

"I was dazed. It hadn't occurred to me that they would refuse treatment to a poor little innocent baby. Eventually I found the nearest doctor's, who treated him at once and sent him to hospital, where he died four days after from bronchial pneumonia.

Muddle

"I am a ratepayer, and I believe the hospital is kept by the rates but it is indeed time that a change was made in some of them. Every hospital should be compelled to give treatment in any cases of accidents."

This mother's letter also we print

hild Need Never Have Died

—A MOTHER

ho has been successfully operated on

as it stands. It speaks for itself. "*I stated that my baby had been terribly scalded, but was told that they didn't do casualty cases there!*"

Less tragic in their immediate consequences are the experiences of some scores of other readers who have written to us about their ordeals in the out-patient departments.

Nothing to eat

But there is tragedy enough in the sum total of avoidable human misery and stress which they reveal—and an appalling commentary on the muddle, the carelessness—we almost said callousness—of the system whereby the average hospital offers its services to the sick poor.

A North London woman tells us that, anxious to give herself and her coming baby every chance, she used to make a weekly visit to the out-patient department of a hospital, and generally waited four hours before she could see the doctor for a few minutes' advice and routine examination.

A month after her baby was born she attended again, and, with the baby in her arms, she had to wait from 1 p.m. till 7 p.m.

"Less than half an hour of this long wait was taken up with actual examination. I could not even get a cup of tea—because the canteen was in the out-patients' hall and I was attending the maternity section!

"The week following, I took baby to the same hospital for attention, and was there from one o'clock till eight o'clock without a bite or a drink

"Baby's operation took ten minutes out of all that time, and then I was left in a small room with him until he came round. At six o'clock a nurse came in, but by that time the canteen was closed, and as I have three-quarters of an hour's journey, I was on the verge of collapse when I got home.

"A few days ago I had to pay another visit—on my own behalf this time. The examination took five minutes, yet I was there from 12.30 to 5, holding a baby six months old, in terrific heat and again with no opportunities for refreshment.

Shame

"I ought to go again next week, but really feel that all that waiting with baby (I have nobody to mind it while I go alone) on top of the journey is more than I can manage, so, like hundreds of other mothers, I shall have to give up and continue to suffer my post-natal troubles.

"Lots of people would say, 'Why go to the hospital at all when you know what to expect?' *I go realising that I am having the finest attention in the country, and so must bear the rest. But surely it is uncalled for and a waste of time.*"

Can anybody read a letter like that and remain unmoved? Several times lately health officials, referring to the enormous amount of chronic invalidism after childbirth, have talked about the *apathy* among working-class mothers in taking advantage of the skilled treatment which is freely offered.

The writer of the above letter is a sensible woman who has done her best for herself and her baby, a good citizen and a wise mother—and she has shown how she is treated.

Why not wireless?

If hospital committees had feelings that last passage, which we have put in italics, should make them hang their heads in shame.

A favourite defence of some hospital executives is that "waiting time" is much exaggerated and that most complaints come from habitual grousers.

Do these letters read as if they come from grousers? Here is another from a Yorkshire reader:

"I have been an out-patient like many others, but as I derived a lot of benefit it is hard to put in writing all that I have thought during my time of waiting." He then gives a time-table of his six visits which took up to 14½ hours of time. The total spent in actual treatment was thirty minutes.

"Fourteen hours on a wood bench not moving away because you never know when it might be your turn next, smokers gasping for a smoke (I am not a smoker), patients talking of their troubles, the smell of ether, and the only pleasing sight the nurse coming to say it is now your turn for the doctor."

Straight to bed

This reader makes a suggestion. "If patients must 'waste time,' why not provide a waiting room fitted with wireless (they have it in the wards), allow smoking (profits from cigarette machines would help towards upkeep of the room), and provide magazines? They could even charge a copper or two for the use of the room. It would then be no burden on the hospital but an asset, not only bringing in money but keeping the out-patients more cheerful and thus helping the doctors and nurses in their splendid work."

Here is more evidence on waiting, from a Derbyshire reader:

"I am not saying a word about *treatment* in the hospitals, but as an old patient I can say that the waiting has got much worse.

"In the hospital I attend I used to get there at 10 a.m. and get out again by 3.30. Now I arrive at the same hour, but seldom get away before six o'clock.

Trouble and pain

"All the time is taken up in waits at the various departments for a few minutes' treatment, and I have to sustain myself on a cup of tea and a couple of biscuits in the waiting room.

"Often after a day like that, standing about and sitting on wooden benches, I have to go straight to bed when I get home."

Another sidelight on the incredible state of hospital out-patient organisation is this letter from a London reader:—

"My sister broke her leg nearly three months ago. After six weeks' hospital treatment she was told to report for examination at 1 p.m., in the eighth week.

"I had a day off to help her to the hospital. She had her leg in plaster and, as I can't afford a car, we had a long journey in and out of 'buses with much trouble and pain.

"Arrived at the hospital, we sat on hard forms for four hours, only to be told that 'her doctor was not there that day and to come in another fortnight!' We arrived again the other day at 1 p.m. (the tenth week).

"After sitting there till six o'clock we were told to go to the casualty department 'to find out what day and time were suitable for a visit to remove plaster. That entailed a long street walk and a shilling fee for nothing except an unnecessary wait.

"Only very bad administration can cause all this.

"Knowing as they do how many there will be to see the doctor by appointment, why not send a post-card stating the exact time, and spread the appointments out over the working day?"

There are dozens more letters coming from all areas in the country giving similar details of the avoidable misery and waste caused by the chaos of the out-patient system. Those we have printed and quoted from are a fair sample.

Ordeals

We must find room, however, for extracts from one more letter, because it comes from a hospital dispenser, and he takes us to task for *understating* the position.

He refers to one of our statements that out of all the waiting time the average out-patient spends only thirty-five minutes with the specialist. "I think," says this reader, "that the average time spent with the specialist is nearer 3.5 minutes!"

He goes on to discuss many of the causes of the ordeal by waiting. "Honorary surgeons cause most delay by unpunctuality. Sometimes it is the honorary's carelessness, sometimes his private work or 'ops.' delay him, but you can't dictate even to a bad timekeeper if he is an eminent physician or surgeon giving hours of his valuable time absolutely free in the cause of humanity and education.

"*Why an increase of honorary medical staff cannot be made I do not know.*

Not enough time

"There alone can I see any chance of speeding up an out-patients' journey through the three stages of a voluntary hospital visit.

"As things are to-day, the specialist has *not* got enough time to deal with each case properly. And the dispensing staff has not enough time to allow a wider application of the use of medicines, being tied down to 'stock mixtures' for the sake of speed. And *we* know that 'stock mixtures' are unsuitable for many of the cases.

"What we do know is that lots of complaints are caused by the poverty of hospitals.

"Let's get to the root of the waiting queue of out-patients and cure the poverty."

JOHN BULL agrees. But we also know that lots of the complaints are *not* caused alone by poverty. These letters and the facts we have presented so far in the course of our inquiry abundantly demonstrate that fact.

There are plenty of hospitals, amply supported by rates and other public funds, where the scandal of waiting, overcrowding and inhumane treatment is as rife as in the most poverty-stricken voluntary hospital.

Sometimes, in fact, a good deal worse.

There *is* a cure, but it is not money alone.

"There's Cream custard to-day Daddy"

FOSTER CLARK'S
Cream CUSTARD

Yes! It is the best. I love the real fresh flavour

8½d BOTTLE MAKES 30 TUMBLERS

MADE FROM MESSINA LEMONS AND BARLEY

LEMON BARLEY is the most deliciously refreshing thirst quencher ever made. But it must be Eiffel Tower, because this being CONCENTRATED INTO A POWDER it needs no preservatives. This means that you get the true lemon-barley flavour in all its freshness.
It is also the most economical you can buy. Being highly concentrated in small bottles a multitude of costs are saved and you are able to get THREE TIMES AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY

MYSTERY Pays a CALL

She trembled violently, and both hands clutched the wavering revolver

NO man must walk more warily in the rigid paths of convention than the doctor. One false step and a career is shattered; one moment of sentiment and a whole life-work tumbles down in ruins; one misjudged gesture in the name of humanity and nothing but unhappiness and life-long regret is the reward.

And yet—what drama is enacted behind that barricade, and what stories could be told of risks taken and dangers gladly faced for humanity's sake!

No one, for instance, has ever heard this story of a night call to adventure. Only three people, the actors themselves, know the facts. I am one of them—for I was the doctor who received the summons.

★

It was towards one o'clock one Spring morning, while I was struggling with long overdue accounts, that my surgery bell rang with furious clamour. My housekeeper had gone to bed three hours earlier, and as I trudged across the darkened hall to the front door I vowed that only something very serious would haul me out into the night.

I switched on the porch light, and as I opened the door I saw a stranger waiting on the top step—one of the loveliest girls I had ever gazed upon; young, good-breeding in every line of her, deathly pale, and a great anxiety burning in her dark eyes.

"Please," she said instantly, "I—I—will you come with me, doctor?"

"To where?" I asked. "And why? I don't think I have seen you before, Miss—Miss——"

"Summers," she replied (of course, I give another name here). "We've only newly come to the district. Please," and she put her hands out in supplication, "it's—life—or death."

"An accident?"

She nodded, and I saw that she was fighting back a surge of emotion. . . .

"Please, can you hurry? He's all alone. I'll drive you there and back. Oh, hurry. It's out at the Round Plantation."

Well, I didn't want a girl collapsing on my doorstep with nervous hysteria. The whole thing was preposterously out of order and I had so many questions to demand. But I saw that she was neither in the mood nor the state of mind to be cross-examined in the name of orthodoxy. So I went back to my study, scribbled a note to my housekeeper, turned out the lights, picked up my coat in the hall, and went out, my old felt slippers still on my feet.

I had to go into my garage to get my bag out of my own car, and when I came into the drive again I heard a motor-car engine stuttering with noisy old-age out on the roadway.

The girl was at the wheel of an ancient, dilapidated two-seater which was throwing up dense clouds of oil-smoke. She held the door open for me, and she set off with such an impatient clutch that I was almost thrown over the folded hood behind.

I sat down, unable to speak to her above the appalling chatter of the engine, and as she hustled me through the deserted suburban street and beyond the rim of our midland country town I mentally upbraided myself for setting off like a madcap undergraduate at the beckoning of a pretty damsel in distress.

I kept looking for some sign of a road smash as we rocked up the long hill towards the Round Plantation. But not a soul stirred on the open road. Suddenly, with a shriek of crazy brakes, she slowed down to take a right-hand corner, and we bumped off the main road and on to a cart-rutted lane, the existence of which I had not remembered.

Uneasy, despite my thirty years of doctoring and my experience of the unexpected, I was about to order her to stop when I saw a lighted window through the trees We lurched through a gateway and came to a halt by the door of a little red-faced cottage.

She jumped down, opened the door and waited until I followed. As I crossed into the hall I heard the click of a lock.

"What's that for?" I asked angrily. But she ignored me; she ran down a short corridor on the left and disappeared into a room.

"Please, he's here, doctor!" she called out.

And I knew that there was no going back.

In the yellow lamplight I saw a youth lying on a bed, his thin face like a death-mask and yet not unattractive. The agony of distress was groaning from him, but he was unconscious.

Without a word I made an examination. In a moment I had found a raw puncture in the left shoulder.

"Boiling water, clean linen, two basins and some soap," I called out, and fished for my instruments. She was as good as any nurse; everything was brought to me speedily and put by my side, and as I probed around in the wound I heard her tearing up a sheet with abandon.

★

I did not speak to her for twenty minutes—not until the boy was lying quietly with an injection taking control, and I had washed my hands and was drying them on a towel she had thrust again into my fingers.

"Who shot him?" I demanded and looked at her squarely.

"I—I—can't tell you—I—he's my brother."

"Who he is doesn't matter to me at the moment. Who shot him?" I asked again, and I saw her grasp the brass rail at the foot of the bed and her whole body grow tense.

She shook her head, and a queer, strained smile twisted up the corners of

(Continued on page 24)

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES No. 134

—but 'SUMMER FAG' made me feel like an old woman"

"Last summer I used to notice how other women were always fresh and full of life in the summer evenings, when their husbands came home. How I used to envy them! I used to get so tired looking after the kids during the day. By evening, I felt like an old woman—and must have looked like it!

DO YOU GET TIRED-OUT LIKE THIS WOMAN?

"One day I got so bothered about always feeling tired that I spoke to a great friend of ours, a matron at the hospital. She told me my trouble was 'Summer Fag,' 'Your blood gets thin in summer,' she said. 'that's why you lose strength. You need Hall's Wine to strengthen your blood.'

"At first I thought it would be like medicine — but it's delicious. After taking Hall's Wine for two or three days, I felt as lively as the kids themselves. I'm always ready for a romp with them before they go to bed — and I'm sure my husband and children find me much better company now."

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GET NEW SUMMER STRENGTH—QUICKLY

Doctors say that in summer the blood *gets thin.* This condition is called "Summer Fag." You feel limp and run-down.

Hall's Wine is prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor. It quickly builds new *red blood cells* and ends "Summer Fag." You get splendid new strength. Even in the hottest weather, Hall's Wine will not overtax your stomach. Start taking two or three wineglassfuls every day. If you prefer a long drink, Hall's Wine is delicious with mineral waters. From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

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You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

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Eve Toilet Soap is entrancingly fragrant and so pure and mild. It gives a rich lather of foamy bubbles which makes your skin feel beautifully smooth and clean. Yet this creamy-white beauty soap, in its double wrapper, is most inexpensive — twopence, that's all!

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A FULL-SIZE TABLET

A soap you'll love — at a price you'll like

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Something quite different

Try Eve Shampoo! It's different from anything you've used before. No greasy lather, but a silky foam. No harmful alkali to make the hair dull and brittle. Eve Shampoo improves every type of hair—helps it to grow lovelier and silkier. And the price is only twopence!

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Try the "Pine" sort for your feet

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

Quench that thirst with

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

60 MILLION LEMONS USED YEARLY

Mystery Pays a Night Call—*continued from page 22*

THE TELL-TALE BULLET

her pretty lips. She shook her head again and said: "Will he get better?"

"Oh, yes—but I want to know the reason for this." And I held up to her the vicious stub of a bullet which I had extracted from the wound.

She cringed, and a half-cry fluttered pathetically from her. She gazed at the sleeping boy, wild-eyed and tearless. Then she wheeled round and ran into the hall. I followed, angry and amazed and completely mystified.

She was standing by an oaken monk's seat, leaning squarely against the wall, her head back and her hands held behind her and the lamplight glistening on her pulsing throat.

"I—I am sorry, Miss Summers," I informed her as calmly as I could. "But you'll have to answer the question, anyhow—when the police come. You surely realise that this will have to be reported. There's no alternative. That's very awkward."

Heavens, but how I admired her as she stood there in her proud defiance, standing squarely on top of her fears, gamely seeing it through—when all the time I knew she was quaking inwardly with grief and terror and wracked by love and loyalty.

I remember thinking crazily—as one is apt to do in moments of crisis—that if I'd met her when I was young I should never have remained a bachelor. . . . But I was a doctor. There was the law, and jealous society, and the thing called Moral Duty.

"All right!" I nodded, trying to forget my own personal feelings. "Perhaps you'll drive me back now as you promised. I'll return to-morrow—but the police will probably be here before me. I'm sorry."

I turned to go back to the bedroom to collect my things; I saw her make a quick movement; I turned again—and I stared into the muzzle of a heavy Army revolver.

★

"Promise to—to—say nothing—or—I'll shoot."

The gun trembled in her grasp. And it wasn't good to look at. I had a moment of hot dread. Then I exclaimed:

"Don't be silly. Put that thing down. You're only making matters worse for yourself and," I nodded towards the bedroom, "for—your brother. I think you said."

"He is my brother!" she flashed back. "And you won't frighten me. I don't care what happens to me. But you'll never tell the police about him."

I knew she had not done it, whether he was her brother or not. Her whole attitude was one of lovely self-sacrifice and crazy unselfishness.

"So," and I spoke with great deliberation for effect, "you shot him!"

"No, no—not that! I didn't—I didn't, I swear."

"All right, tell me what *did* happen? Perhaps I can make things easier for you . . ."

"You won't tell the police?" she cried.

"I must!"

She trembled violently and both hands clutched the wavering revolver. I had sized her up: I felt pretty sure of my reading. I knew her type—even if you never can tell what a woman will do next, when there's nothing in her mind but red-hot emotion and all psychological theories fall to pieces at her feet. I saw that it was useless to wrestle with her. That way nasty accidents happen. Useless to remonstrate, argue, threaten.

Instead, hating it like poison, I said: "Go ahead—and shoot, then!"

My eyes never left her face. I saw incredulity flash there, then flitting fear, and the deadness of a mocking despair. Grief surged up swiftly and stormed her barriers—and the revolver fell from her fingers and clattered into a dark corner.

Then she collapsed on the seat and I thanked heaven that the tears had come.

"Tell me," I said. "Perhaps things aren't so terribly black as they seem to you. How did your brother come by that bullet wound? The old Army revolver could never have fired it."

She nodded. "I've done my best," she murmured. "It was for Jim's sake—he has nobody but me, now that dad and mother are dead. . ." and she told me her story.

He was her brother all right. Their father had died some months before, and their mother three years earlier. They had been brought up comfortably, but when the father died there was no money left, apart from the proceeds from the sale of their house and furniture.

She—Laura, I learned, was her name—had decided to remove from the city where they had been brought up, for two reasons—economy, and because of the fact that the boy Jim, at nineteen years of age, had got into bad company.

He was kindly natured and very likeable, but a weak streak, thanks to a shapeless upbringing by doting parents, caused him to be easily imposed upon.

His cronies had begun by flattering, then borrowing, then their deeper ways had been revealed—and Jim was on the high road to gangsterdom before he was aware of it.

By the time Laura found out, shortly after their father's death, he had become the "mug." She took this cottage, eighteen miles from their city, hoping that Jim would be weaned from his disreputable acquaintances and that he would get a job in the town where she practised. She was supplementing the meagre income as a typist.

So much for her brave plans. The gang were not to be shaken off. There had been many terrible nights of anxiety for her—and this night her brother's cronies had brought him back after an unsuccessful hold-up at a warehouse during which the "mug" had been shot at by the watchman. They had dumped him on the doorstep of the cottage—and had disappeared into the night in the high-powered car.

What could I do? If the case were reported—well, it would probably mean imprisonment for the boy and good-bye to all hopes of putting Jim on the right road. I fully realised the danger I was flirting with; but the bravery of that girl of twenty-two was the only creed I felt I could acknowledge.

So, that night, at least, I decided to say nothing. I reassured her, gave her a sleeping-draught, and drove back in the crazy car myself.

★

The following day I found the lad much better. I talked with him. I talked with him—and *to* him—many times after that, and I found out the inherent good behind his weakness. I lost nights of sleep while I tossed with my problem. But I knew that nothing would ever open my mouth now—come what may.

No one ever knew, except the three of us. And I thank heaven I kept my own counsel. For to-day the boy is doing well as an apprentice motor-mechanic; Laura is the trusted secretary of the biggest employer in our district and is now engaged to the young man who has come to succeed me in my practice, now that I am retiring.

He has found a treasure beyond estimate. And, in my old age, I have found an affection that I would not barter for the whole world.

How different this story might have been!

The Human Machine

As Napoleon Did!

IF a man wants to get on in life he should bite off more than he can chew—and chew it!

That is to say he should go out after something big, something that will tax all his powers and abilities, something that will call up all his pugnacity and tenacity and intelligence. He should be discontented with safety and content to take a risk.

He should fit himself not only with a self-starter, but also with a self-stopper. He should set out after what he wants without any loss of time, but he should also be able to have enough courage to stop and change his direction if he finds that he isn't getting what he wants after all.

Many people have the pluck to try experiments. But not so many have the heart to stop experimenting when they find it isn't paying them.

You can only be sure of one thing—that everything you do is a gamble. Everything you do contains some element of risk. Every move you make is a step into the unknown.

That's why the only safe bet to have in life is a bet on yourself. It's no good trusting to luck, to outside influence, to some unknown factor which in some unknown way may help you in some mysterious manner! You must depend on yourself. Your luck is inside you—it's under your own hat.

"It comes to this," someone once said, "that the man who finds out something favourable to him and acts on it quickly, is lucky. He has a dependable luck. He can win forty battles, as Napoleon did!"

That's it in a nutshell. You must back yourself to the limit and snap your fingers at the odds.

After all, the odds are only what other people think!

"The Greatest of These—"

Food First

Jackie

HERE is the story of Jackie's family as told by his mother:

"My husband, who is an ex-Serviceman, was gassed in the war, but receives no pension. Since being demobilised he has not enjoyed good health. He had the 'flu very badly in 1918, and never properly recovered. It turned to sleeping-sickness, making him a complete invalid for the last eleven years.

"I have two children, a boy, Jackie, aged eleven, and a girl of thirteen. Jackie is not robust and needs careful attention and good food, which I cannot afford to give him or the girl. They also suffer from want of boots, and have to go to school almost bare-footed, which has a bad effect on their systems and they catch cold easily.

"I have 34s. a week, out of which I have to pay 15s. in rent. The rest has to cover food, firing and other things.

"I have had to sell nearly all my home to get extra nourishment for my husband. Also, I have had to part with my wedding ring, which I did not like the thought of doing, but food has to come first.

"My husband is in bed most of the time, and he needs extra bedding.

"I have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown owing to the terrible strain, but have had to keep up for the sake of the children.

We know this to be a perfectly genuine statement of facts, and that Jackie's family needs and deserves help. Also that such help will be wisely used. Out of the goodness of your hearts spare a donation for Jackie's mother.

All donations, whether earmarked "Jackie" or intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

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Summer nights may not be quite so dark — but policemen remain much the same! Suppose you are caught by darkness — ten to one your lamp will be out of oil or carbide, especially when you're not expecting to be late and don't bother about it much. But Ever Ready electric cycle lamps are ever ready. The flick of a switch, and a clear penetrating beam lights up the road ahead, while the man behind can see your Ever Ready rear lamp from a mile off even against the glare of oncoming headlights. Why not make *sure?* Call in at your cycle dealer today—and see and be seen in safety to-night.

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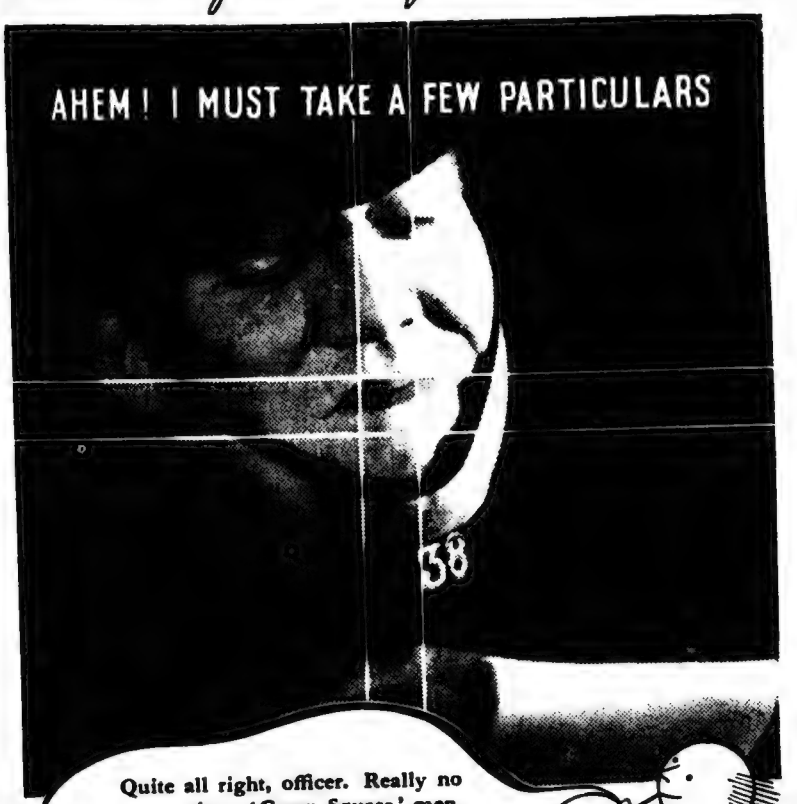
AHEM! I MUST TAKE A FEW PARTICULARS
38
Quite all right, officer. Really no secret about 'Green Square' men. They're just the Mixture smokers who know a good tobacco when they smoke one. Thousands of 'em, too. Try some yourself, officer. Ask your tobacconist for Four Square Green. Or sign here, please!

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You can easily catch cold on the first few days of a holiday. Many a bad illness has started with a holiday chill. Don't let it happen this year. Take no chances—take a tin of POTTER'S with you or get them at the nearest chemists anywhere.

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

When Parents Forget that BOYS will be BOYS!

IF only parents would remember the days of their own childhood, what a great deal of worry and anxiety they would save themselves.

So many fathers and mothers expect their offspring to be models of perfection. One man tells me that his boy is a fine lad but "is far too fond of sport." A woman complains that her little girl has fits of sulkiness, when "she won't play with her brothers and sisters."

I wonder what these parents were like when they were young? Did they always do everything that was expected of them? I am perfectly sure I didn't. And wise indeed are those people who recognise that "boys will be boys."

Take the problem raised by this letter:

We have an only son who is causing us a lot of anxiety. He is thirteen and a half years of age, is very fond of sport, and is very good at football and cricket. He has just left the elementary school and has gone to the junior technical school. We thought we would help him by buying him the books they use there, so that when he comes home he could continue to study them, but he scarcely looks at them.

◇◇◇

He has caused us many sleepless nights during the last two or three years, for we have sat talking to him for hours at a time till he starts to cry, but when he goes to bed he sings at the top of his voice and in the morning he has forgotten all we said to him. If only he would persevere we know many people who would help him, for he is liked by everyone who meets him.

I wonder if those parents have ever suffered from indigestion. That complaint is often caused either by indulgence in too much food or by eating too quickly.

There is such a thing as mental indigestion. And it affects a great number of folk and particularly children. They pore over their books at school all the day and then are expected to do home-work for two or three hours in the evening. It is, in my judgment, a big mistake.

And it is a mistake my correspondents are making. Naturally they want their boy to do well. But they are going about it the wrong way. Instead of "talking to him for hours at a time till he starts to cry" let him spend some of that time in the sport he loves. That would do two things. It would help to build up his physical strength and he would also come back fresh to his books.

◇◇◇

It is never wise to push things down a child's throat. It leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. This boy, if he is handled aright, will come to love learning for its own sake. The best way to that end is to temper justice with mercy, or, in other words, profit with pleasure.

And here is a problem from another correspondent who is worrying:

I am a young married woman with one little girl, aged eight. She is a sweet and dear child, except for her one terrible failing of telling lies. When I find her out she will stick to her story to the last minute. It worries me so much because there is no reason for it.

I encourage her good points in every way and always give her some little reward when she does anything really well. And yet she is getting more deceitful than ever. Only to-day I found out that instead of buying an orange on her way to school she has been spending the penny on toffee, and as she is not kept short of sweets I cannot understand her.

I have tried talking very seriously to her, coaxing her, spanking her, but it seems to be no good. Her daddy is away all day and only sees her for a little while before she goes to bed. He has always agreed with me that it is not fair for him to punish her for what has happened during the day, but he says if you advise him to do so he most certainly will, as he knows it will break my heart if she grows up to be a wilful liar. So please do help us, as we value your advice so much?

◇◇◇

Now, like my correspondent, I hate liars. They are a pest and a curse, for you never know where you are with them. But there is a difference between the deliberate deceit of an adult and the untruth of a little girl of eight.

There must be few people who did not indulge in an occasional fib when they were young. And the vast majority have not grown up to be "wilful liars." I don't see why this child should prove an exception.

I can understand, however, the mother wishing to stop the habit before it become chronic. This is what I sug Let that father have a little chat his girl.

He should talk to her on these li "Your mummy does all sorts of th for you. . . . Wouldn't you like to something for her? You can do so not making her unhappy."

I think an appeal on these lines m have the desired result. Because (a) father sees her so seldom that his wo will probably carry more weight, (b) her mother says she is a "sweet dear child." A nature of that k should be capable of overcoming one failing.

◇◇◇

Now I regard my next problem as more serious than the two I have alrea quoted.

A father writes:

I have a boy, nine years old, who very intelligent and obedient, but I ca not stop him from wanting to steal. started to do this about a year ago, b by taking odd pennies from the house. gave him a thrashing, which checked h for a month, then I was told that t manager of a shop wanted to see me, a he told me that my boy had stolen a b of powder which was of no use whatev to him.

I made good the loss and the manag let the matter drop. When I got hom I called the boy in, thrashed him, a sent him to bed.

Well, that seemed to do him good for time, and then one day his grandfathe gave him some pennies to share with h little brother and sister, but he spe them all himself.

When I found this out, instead hitting him I had a good talk to him, an I gave him a plot of garden to look afte as I thought it might be a good way keeping him out of mischief.

But he was soon up to his old trick again. One day the headmaster sent fo me and told me that he had stolen three pence from another boy. I asked him he would take him in hand, and I gav him permission to do what he thought best.

The boy behaved himself from the until last Sunday, when he went to h auntie's. While she went to the door fo a moment he tried to take something o the mantelpiece, but she came back an caught him in time.

◇◇◇

Now, Mr. Inman, apart from this failing my son is a good lad and always willing to do anything for his parents or for anyone. He is also a fair scholar and is in Standard IV at school.

He gets plenty of money for a boy, perhaps fourpence to sixpence a week, out of which he spends twopence or threepence and puts the rest in his money-box. Please will you give me some of your good advice?

There are some children who occasionally pilfer from their own homes. They regard what they take as in some way belonging to them. Or it may be that they are kept short of pocket-money. They see other children buying sweets and toys. And they feel they are entitled to the same treats.

That conduct is bad enough. But this is far worse. The lad is not kept short of money and he has actually taken money from his school and articles from a shop.

Now the father does not tell me what explanation the boy gives for his action. That would help me to diagnose his case more accurately.

For instance, what reason did he give for taking that box of powder? Did he take it with the idea that he might be able to sell it for a few coppers? Or did he simply say that he could not help it?

If the latter, it suggests that he has a tendency to kleptomania.

I think this is definitely a case for a psychologist, and I have told my correspondent how he can consult one. I hope and believe that will lead to good results.

When they sulk, or are "difficult" in other ways, parents should remember their own youthful days

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

I'm happy—I'm a 'MERRY ANDREW'

The World's a jolly place for all the "Merry Andrew" brigade. Their never-failing zest for Life heightens the joy of *every* pleasure.

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BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

Great MOON Mystery

NO less hard-headed a person than a chief of police has dared to connect the moon with madness. No wonder a number of mental experts are surprised and not a little amused!

They admit that the words lunacy and lunar spring from the same source, but argue that the two were related in the days when everybody believed that sun, moon and stars influenced the trend of our lives.

Yet they should read carefully what Major Geoffrey Nicholson, Chief Constable of Surrey, has to say. His comments on the Man with the Glaring Eyes, the alleged attacker of women in the Farnham district, are based on a close study of the case.

He is in a position to know that practically every attack has been made when there has been a change in the phase of the moon. There is therefore some justification, at least, for his theory that the man's mental state is linked in some way with the moon, and that the crucial day would appear to be July 30, the next new moon.

It is no new theory, this idea that that dead world which shines on us so brightly by night has some bearing on human conduct. The ancients believed in it—but more important still is the fact that quite a number of people with modern scientific knowledge see no reason why we should laugh at the old beliefs.

A leading West End mental specialist, for instance, says his own experience has given him indisputable proof of the fact that sufferers from mental trouble and people with little will-power are affected by the full moon.

"There may be a reason," he said, "in the fact that the normal brain contains a great number of different groups of neurons, each of which has its own specific stimulus, to which it alone reacts. A brain belonging to the northern hemisphere, for instance, may be affected by the light of the Southern Cross somewhat differently from an identical brain, if there could be such a thing, born in Australia."

He admits that he can carry that theory no further—so little is known about the mind as distinct from the brain material, anyhow.

Insects hide

Yet there are many surprising things about the moon, all pointed out by scientific people well qualified to speak about them, that suggest that the moon may have some mysterious power on the mysteries of which we are still on the fringe.

Rothamsted Agricultural Research Station, in Herts, for example, is puzzled by the difficulty of catching insects in its insect traps at full moon. It seems that insects do not go abroad when the moon is at its brightest.

A widely held theory is that their physical activity is reduced at such times. Another supposition is based on the attraction of the moon. True that insect life and human life differ considerably, even when one is concerned with human beings who are sick mentally.

But both theories presuppose some effect by the moon on animal mentality in its broadest sense.

Then a former professor of physics at Wellington University, South Africa, has noted other discoveries about the moon that are well worth consideration in this respect.

Trees affected

The light of a full moon, he has noticed, has the effect of hydrologising (digesting) the reserves of food present in a plant.

It must, therefore, he argues, have an effect on the growth of young seedlings. It must also affect the sap content of young trees.

Now there are three outstanding so-called superstitious beliefs about the moon, one that we should judge from its phases when to plant seeds, another that timber cut at "dead o' moon" will last without rotting, and a third that lunar influences may affect the human brain.

Two of those so-called superstitions would be explained if that theory were proved to be true And as for the third—it would be brought considerably nearer into the orbit of possibility.

What proof is there that human minds have been swayed by lunar influences?

Well, there is plenty, if the evidence is acceptable. There are so many people prepared to argue that it is and that it is not, that it is perhaps best not to take sides.

"He was queer"

In some mental hospitals, notably on the Continent, a smaller percentage of the staff is allowed out on leave when the moon is full. Take it for what it is worth—but it is nevertheless a fact.

Then many mental hospital attendants argue that their problems are increased by a full moon—although it is only fair to add that many more describe it as sheer blarney.

On top of that, how many suicide and other inquests there have been at which evidence about the influences of the moon has been given in all seriousness.

Only last week a Taunton widow whose husband committed suicide by drowning said that he only became "queer" at changes of the moon.

At another recent inquest on the victim of a riding-school accident an instructress said she had heard that there was a tendency for riders to get giddy when the moon was full.

Last month it was said of a City man that he was a normal man except at full moon, when he used to become enraged and even smash up the home.

Sufficient to say that hardly a week goes by without some such evidence as that being proffered to a coroner. Now is that the only information that could be advanced with a bearing on this theory.

Few people will have forgotten the famous Anny Ahlers, the German actress who met a tragic death in London at the height of her fame.

She became a dangerous sleep-walker—at full moons. At all other times she was normal.

A medical man said that few nurses, to his knowledge, would permit patients to sleep out with their heads uncovered when the moon was at its fullest. Apart from saying that he had "seemed to notice" that highly strung people were sometimes different at full moon, he ventured no opinion.

Menace to marriage

On top of that there was the sensational statement by Mr. Henry J. Smallwood, recently retired from the post of police court missionary at Pontefract.

He expressed it as his considered opinion that full moon was a danger-time in marriage. He had noticed that quarrels were more frequent at such times between husband and wife and also that there was an increased tendency, at such times, for quarrels with small beginnings to assume grave proportions.

With every wish to help young married people, he counselled them to avoid full-moon quarrels as far as they possibly could!

It may all sound very foolish to some experts—more foolish, perhaps, than in the more superstitious days when Byron wrote in his *Don Juan*: "The devil is in the moon for mischief."

Certainly nobody can prove that the moon can act on mind—but nobody can say that it can't.

So that, lacking definite proof, we should at least listen with some respect to statements such as that made by Surrey's Chief Constable—especially as police chiefs are usually the last people in the world to reach conclusions without some sort of evidence acceptable to themselves.

Hunting for the "man with the glaring eyes," said by police to attack women when the moon is full.

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To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £72 14s. 7d. will be sent.

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No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 90 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 13s. 4d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 free Entries for our Contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

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See "John Bull's" Monster Crossword Holiday Offer on Page 36. £6 Weekly for Life, £1,000 Cash and £50 Holiday Cheque yearly for life is the colossal must-be-won first prize, with handsome cash prizes for runners-up. Enter this great Competition NOW.

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BRITANNIA *keeps her Word*

HAVE you a passport? If so, and it is British, you are in possession of the cheapest and most secure insurance policy in the world.

To the traveller who has got into trouble through no fault of his own, the whole might of Britain stands behind the promise of protection implied in this document that so closely resembles a milk roundsman's account book. It is your bodyguard when travelling abroad.

Such powerful phrases as: "We request *and require* in the name of his Majesty, of those whom it may concern, to allow the bearer to pass freely, without let or hindrance, and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need," are no empty bluff, as you may one day discover.

CAPTAIN KANE was the last man to look for the help every bearer of a passport should expect. After effective official protest to the Spanish Government, the savage three years' sentence imposed on him at Majorca for a trumpery offence of "resisting the police" was soon changed to "mitigated imprisonment," which is nothing more than release on promising to be a good boy!

It is firm and quick action like this that makes the words "I am a British citizen" mean something abroad, in just the same way as the ancient Roman's *Civis Romanus sum* always protected him from indignity.

A Foreign Office protest to the Government concerned usually suffices, although our Foreign Minister has been known to send for the Consul of the particular country in more serious cases. But it wasn't always so.

War between Britain and Guatemala nearly resulted fifty years ago from the flogging of a Mr. Magee, a leading British trader at San José—and this although Mr. Magee expressed a wish that no claim for compensation should be made, publicly or privately, on his account.

The Foreign Office replied that "the insult extends from the individual to his country, and the honour of Great Britain cannot be compromised in deference to the timidity or private interests of any one person."

And Guatemala avoided worse consequences by paying £10,000 indemnity and ordering its troops to salute the British flag.

ROUND about the same time we showed similar firmness with the Tuscan Government, when two English youths named Mathers, aged nineteen and sixteen respectively, got between the band and a regiment in Florence and were attacked by officers with the flat of their swords.

On one occasion, however, the firm action of our Foreign Office in righting the wrong that had been done to British citizens in South America, led to another difficulty on its own doorstep.

A number of Britons had been falsely imprisoned, and the Foreign Secretary was set moving in the matter by the wife of one of them. Then, owing to a departmental mistake, all the prisoners were released with the exception of the one whose wife had been so active in the matter!

As it that wasn't bad enough, the Under-Secretary was made to write to her, through the mistake of a subordinate, that "The Secretary of State has great pleasure in announcing that all the prisoners have been released with the exception of your husband," which led to a fine old rumpus that resulted, among other things, in the unfortunate clerk being put in a position in which he could do no more harm.

It is well known that the Abyssinian War in 1868 arose largely out of an insult to an Englishman—the imprisonment of Captain Charles Duncan Cameron by the notorious King Theodore, to whom he was bearing presents. Such was Captain Cameron's gratitude to his country for the firmness with which it stood by him that he wrote the Foreign Office to say that a giraffe, one large ostrich and three small ones were on the way!

As a result of Foreign Office protest Captain Kane has been released from a three years' sentence in Spain.

The poor Foreign Office didn't know what to do, for Whitehall doesn't provide private zoos for its departments. There was actually cheering in the library when the news arrived that the giraffe had died, renewed a few weeks later when the news came that the biggest ostrich, too, had passed away.

But the three other creatures reached Southampton all right. And the decision of the staff of the Foreign Office to just let them stay there soon melted when they were advised "to collect immediately," as they were incurring a charge of £20 a day for demurrage.

It was the London Zoo that saved the officials from nervous breakdowns—and bankruptcy! It accepted the birds gratefully.

SUCH bright incidents are interesting, but they don't alter the fact that very serious consequences can follow one act of injustice to a Briton abroad.

There is the case of Mr. Bulwer, afterwards Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, who was ordered to leave Spain within forty-eight hours, when Lord Palmerston was at the Foreign Office, because of his supposed meddling with Spanish private affairs.

Spain being obdurate in the face of all protests, her Minister in London, M. Isturitz, was informed that he could no longer be permitted to continue at the Court of St. James. Diplomatic relations between the two countries were actually broken off for nearly two years.

And here it can be said that Spain has figured in more situations of this kind, so far as Great Britain is concerned, than any three other countries.

It is not that Spaniards dislike Englishmen — they don't. It is just that they are very jealous of what they call "foreign interference." What a Spaniard could do on Tower Hill and only raise a mild show of interest, would cause a storm if done by an Englishman—or any other visitor to Spain—in a meeting-place in Madrid.

Then their Civil Guards are sacrosanct. What they say is bound to be true. No wonder, therefore, that our Foreign Office has had to take up the cases of seven English men and women in trouble in Spain in the course of the last twelve months.

South American countries, too, have felt the weight of British protests on a lot of occasions. Mexico, for instance, was once taught that not only must she respect a British citizen, but whatever little national flag he may carry with him.

It happened that an English resident lost the flag which he kept as a reminder of home. It found its way into the hands of insurgents. The Mexican Government, having put down the rebellion, displayed their captured flag as a trophy.

OUR Government protested that it was *our flag*, whatever the size. The Mexicans argued that it was their capture—from rebels. Once our British Chargé-d'affaires tore it down from a gallery with his own hands.

When the Mexicans insisted on displaying it at national fêtes diplomatic relations were broken off between Britain and Mexico.

It might have led to war, for when a Mexican merchantman hung a British flag over her stern as an insult to a passing British man-o'-war, the British vessel replied with a shot!

But it was all ended by methods of the type that we use to-day—and which are undoubtedly the best. We renewed diplomatic relations with Mexico, and said we were undoubtedly harsh to have gone to such extremes. The Mexicans beamingly handed us back the flag with apologies ten times more profuse than any we had demanded. And that was that.

More Britons get into trouble abroad in these days than ever before—largely owing to the increased popularity of travel.

An Oxford undergraduate photographed some soldiers in Lithuania. Another student, who had a beard, and so "looked Russian," sketched a castle in Spain. An Englishman in Italy accidentally wandered near a camp of political prisoners.

IN Buenos Aires an English manager resented having his books examined by the first official who wandered in. In Uruguay a British civilian pilot hung over the side of his machine a bunch of flowers that looked like a bomb.

There have been more than a hundred such incidents in the last two years—and in every case the Foreign Office has got justice done, and always justice that accords to British ideas. In one case they got an Englishman £6.000 from the Portuguese Government for illegal imprisonment in Mozambique twenty-one years before!

Our Foreign Secretaries don't go purple in the face, like those of a more blustering age. They don't speak like Palmerston, who said: "If there is any molestation or insult from the French to bring about collision, H.M. Government has no fear as to the result."

They don't even take the view that the Englishman is necessarily in the right. For instance, if an Englishman invests his money abroad to get high interest and then comes crying to the Foreign Office to get it back, he gets short shift.

But they *do* honour the implied promise of H.M. Government to *you*—in your passport.

By courtesy, reason and firmness of a friendly kind, to-day they secure dignified treatment, justice, without ever mentioning the name of war.

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The best way of making your money go farthest is to buy goods that are advertised . . . goods that must be superlatively good enough for their makers to keep calling them to the attention of people day after day, year after year.

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Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty pack-age. Cystex costs only 3/- at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all chemists and the guarantee protects you.

Before Buying Your Radio—

Don't overlook the radio offers on pages 12 and 33. Catalogues and particulars of easy payment terms will be sent, free, on request. *Be sure to mention "John Bull" when writing.*

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Would you like a sample of Four Square Empire Mixture? Fill in the special coupon on page 25 and enclose 3d. stamp to cover part postage.
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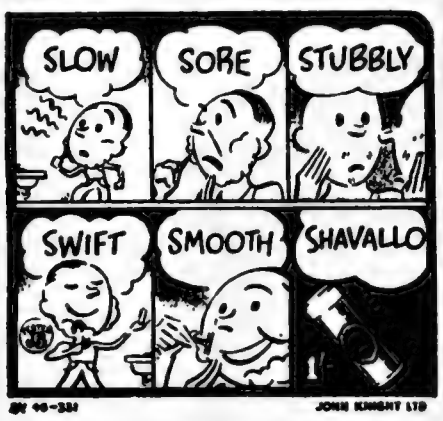

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NEVER HARMS THE HEART

The £100,000,000 Wash and Brush-Up

EVERY year Great Britain spends something like £100,000,000 on a "wash and brush up."

That is the colossal sum we devote to Dirt—to clean from our buildings the dust and grime that comes mostly from our chimneys in the form of smoke.

Our domestic fires burn fuel at the rate of 2s. 7d. per hundredweight. Our chimneys are, consequently, contributing their share of the £100,000,000 at the rate of 1/11 in each of those half-crowns!

If that was all—if only that personal loss of three-quarters of what we pay for coal was the end of the trouble—it would be bad enough. But it is not.

Our wastefulness rebounds and hits our pockets in a dozen other ways. First of all comes the waste of energy felt by every housewife who spends a large portion of her day cleaning away the dirt and dust which she and her neighbours have made.

That unnecessary waste of time—looked upon by housewives as their natural heritage—might be saved and turned to profit. Similarly, a large portion of every laundry bill might not exist at all, and the money could be spent on other and more pleasant things. The sums of money spent each year by every household on new paint, paper and fittings might well be cut down by half, and then only spent once every three years or so.

All this, and plenty more, *might* happen if we set about things in the right way..

But all this represents only one side of our national cleaning bill. The more significant angle is the cost to the country—in money and in health.

Window cleaning is a good example. Not only are fortunes spent on cleaning glass, but the people who work behind that glass suffer a permanent and unnoticed starvation of light. Sunlight, with all its benefits, is scant enough under normal circumstances in this country. Why we are content to deprive ourselves of about half our meagre allowance will be a source of wonder to our great-grandchildren.

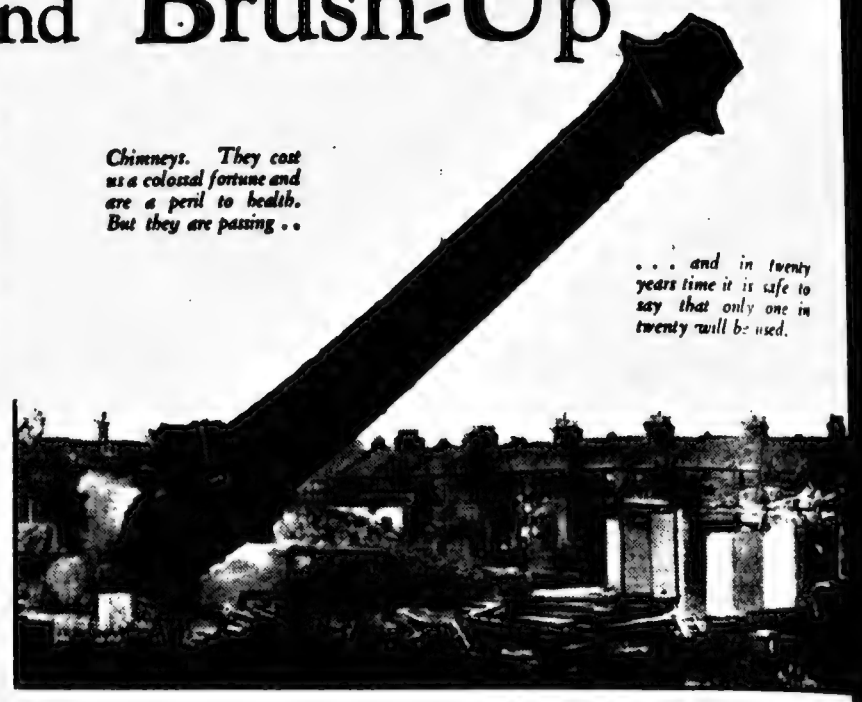
Quiescent

But we in England are apparently quite undisturbed about the conditions of our towns and cities. They have been dirty for so long that we are used to them. There are buildings in London which still bear traces of smoke from the Great Fire!

Almost every year workmen, in the process of cleaning something (usually the cleaning is necessary for the purposes of renovation, otherwise it would not be thought of), disclose some painting, or other ancient mark, "of historical interest" which has been hidden by dirt for fifty years or so!

The amazing beauties of Westminster Abbey have only now been revealed for the first time in five centuries. A coating of grime inches thick had to be chiselled off to expose them.

Humorous, in spite of the typical carelessness which it portrays, is the following incident which occurred in the offices of a large Manchester factory a few weeks back.



Chimneys. They cost us a colossal fortune and are a peril to health. But they are passing . .

. . . and in twenty years time it is safe to say that only one in twenty will be used.

The managing director was on holiday and, during his absence, the other directors decided to repaint the office walls and corridors. On his return the managing director stopped and looked in horror at the fresh paint.

Appalled!

"What on earth did you do that for?" he asked. "You have spoilt the whole atmosphere of the place. Why, this office has always been the same—ever since my father's days!"

And, needless to add, the factory itself is still the same as it was in his great-great-grandfather's days. The soot and grime on the bricks and girders lies, layer upon layer, as it has always lain—ever since the factory was built. So it is with about 90 per cent. of our old factories and buildings.

And, while we pay the annual bill, we contribute more dirt for the next year's account. All the money at present spent on cleaning does little more than keep pace with the modern dirt. The grime of centuries will only vanish by degrees.

Walk out in any large town after a heavy shower of rain and rub your finger over any stone surface. You will find it clean—more or less. Go out again a few hours later and rub the same surface.

What comes away on your finger is only the more harmless of the products which are being poured out continuously into the air. In the atmosphere and, consequently, in your lungs as well, are tar, chlorine, sulphuric acid and ash.

Fogs every day

From the chimneys of your town come smoke and fumes dense enough to produce a black fog each and every day, and, under certain weather conditions, these fogs could occur every day.

Buildings are blackened and deteriorated, trees and plants suffer through loss of light and impure deposits. Disease and even death can be traced to the chimney.

The cost of cleaning and renovating valuable and public buildings runs into hundreds of thousands of pounds each year. The Houses of Parliament, probably England's most famous landmark, are constantly under repair. *Before they were completely built the first sections were so badly attacked that they needed attention.*

A short time ago, during the renovation process, it was found that the stonework was turning, bit by bit, into Epsom salts! The hchimicals in the air, acting on the stonework, were—and still are—decomposing the fabric of the whole building.

Factories and power companies have been warned and watched, and they are now the least offenders. It is the domestic fire which still causes the trouble. There is no possible way of preventing the public from polluting the air. Time alone will improve things.

They will wonder

The Electric Grid and the assistance of the gas companies are proving the greatest help towards a less dirty England.

Slum clearance is another lead towards a cleaner country: so is the erection of every new block of flats or modern building. With the coming of these buildings the chimney, as we know it, is passing into the list of old-fashioned things.

Chimneys *may* be built on to new houses in twenty years' time, simply because tradition would remind us that a house without chimneys would look odd. But in twenty years' time it is reasonable to say that only one chimney in twenty will be used.

New buildings, also, are being kept clean—inside and out—because they have cost thousands to build, and their owners realise that it pays them to keep them looking their best.

So, year by year, slowly but surely, we are heading towards a cleaner England. Fortunately cleanliness and economy go hand in hand, and so the process is more rapid than it might be otherwise, but that applies more to industry than to private offenders.

To make a job of London, or any other big city, to-day—to remove the dirt which would build a mountain in the city park—it would cost several million pounds. And the transformation would be as surprising as it would be temporary.

But in years to come our great-grandchildren will look at photographs and they will wonder how we tolerated such conditions.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Thirteen tenders for the supply of the *£2,000* deck chairs were subsequently received . . ."

WEEKLY SCOTSMAN:—"Cucumbers are the subject for discussion. It is the custom to serve CUSTOMERS in the same way that we serve vegetable marrow here."

HOBBIES WEEKLY:—"It is nice to know that SPORTS and stains can be removed."

ALDERSHOT COMMAND NEWS:—"Furnished bungalow to let. Lounge hall, HITTING room."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"As a result of a collision between a motor car and a PETAL cycle . . ."

THE GLOUCESTER CITIZEN:—"That, as older citizens will remember, was the extent of the municipal fire-LIGHTING equipment."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"Other prices were: Cauliflowers, 6d. each; spring OPINIONS, 1d. per bunch.

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The Solicitor then dealt with an outbreak on the railway embankment. To do this they ran a HORSE through a house."

THE WESTON MERCURY AND SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD:—"Silver and plated goods, including two GRAVY LADIES."

THE PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The *Revenge* came up harbour at 4.20 this afternoon during the MORNING."

DUNLOP

DURING THE PAST ELEVEN YEARS

29 T.T. RACES

HAVE BEEN WON ON

DUNLOP TYRES

The regular Winner!

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

C.F.H.

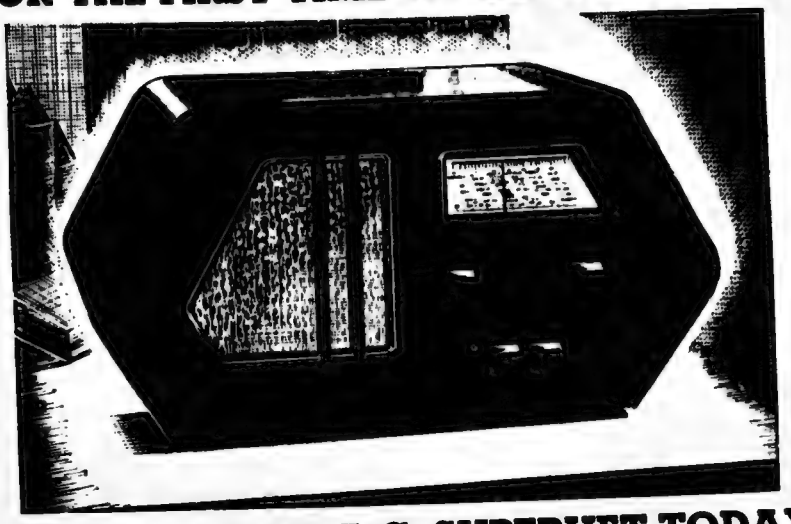
51/1/34

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" Shop Window and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 14.

NOW!

McMICHAEL QUALITY & RELIABILITY

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT 12 GUINEAS!



HEAR THIS NEW A.C. SUPERHET TODAY

Thousands of listeners know the quality of performance and finish and the lasting reliability of McMichael sets. Today McMichael introduces a new and advanced A.C. mains superhet at a price within reach of almost every household. This new Model 235 possesses a quality of tone, range and selectivity which are the admiration of every critic. It is strikingly modern both inside and out, and the finish of its heavy hand-made walnut cabinet is typically McMichael.

Ask your nearest McMichael Agent for a demonstration at the earliest possible moment.

McMICHAEL 235

4-VALVE A.C. SUPERHET — **12 gns.** or deposit 21/11 and 12 monthly payments 21/11

We make a model similar to the 235 suitable for both Direct and Alternating Current. Ask for Model 535. Price £12.12.0

PRIORITY COUPON To McMichael Radio Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Please send me without obligation, details of Model 235 and the address of my nearest McMichael Agent.

Name..... Address.....

J.B.1.

AFRIKANDER WOULD STILL SUIT ME AT DOUBLE THE PRICE!

If you pay twice as much you won't find more pleasurable smoking, such unvarying dependability as Afrikander offers for 8d. an ounce.

Afrikander MIXTURE

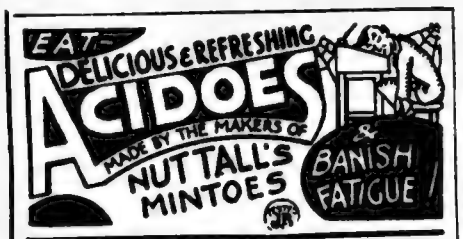
8D AN OZ

Flake or Shag

Mixture, Flake and Shag are available in ¼-oz. packets 4d.

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co. Ltd.



SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd.
(Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

FREE to
Indigestion Sufferers

Wonderful Generous Offer of 9d. Tin of BIRLEYS ANTACID POWDER

The makers of Birley's Antacid Powder have such confidence in the efficacy of this excellent remedy for all digestive troubles that they offer every reader of this paper a free 9d. trial tin, post paid. Simply fill in the coupon appearing on p. 38 and post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing more or postage will be more.

Turn to p. 38 and fill in the Coupon NOW!

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW
FOR THE

STEWARDS' CUP

Every Horse Quoted—Send for Price List

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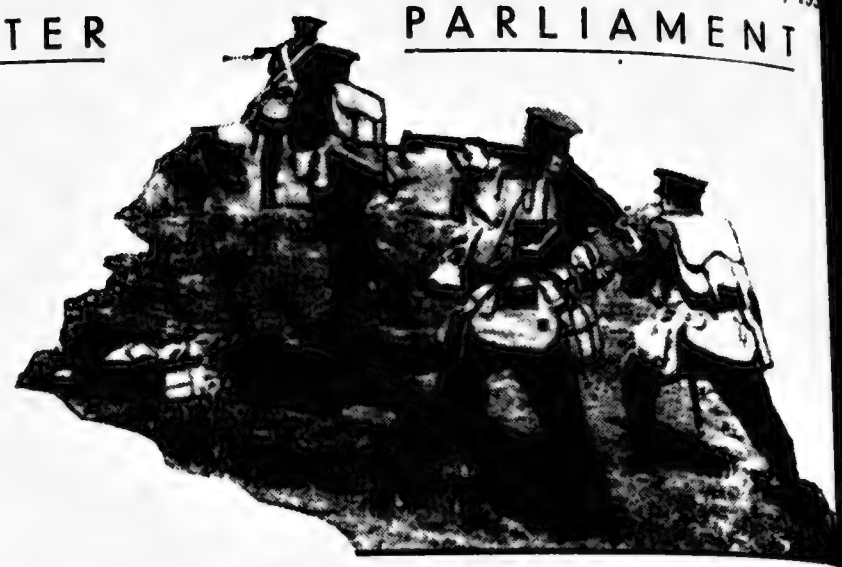
OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT



RIDDLE I'D *Like Answered*

IT is a riddle to which no one knows the answer—a riddle which is surrounded by the eternal mystery of life.

Fruitlessly I ponder, I am nervous, my work fades before my eyes as I build castles and dream dreams. But I know that some of those castles must inevitably fall, some of the dreams will be dreamed in vain. Meanwhile I gnaw my nails in an agony of suspense; my spirits soar alternately to glorious heights or drop to the depths of uncertainty.

It's the greatest riddle of my life; will it be a boy or a girl?—*"Nearly Dad," Lancs.*

SAME MISTAKES

Why does humanity keep making the same mistakes in life time and time again? Why do we keep stumbling into the same pitfalls?

We know just where the false step is going to take us; yet we take it. We suffer for our sins and realise our mistakes. We see where others have erred. Yet we still make the same errors and fail to benefit by experience.

If my riddle were answered the world would be a better and happier place.—*W. A. S., Derbyshire.*

OBJECT-LESSON

Several of my neighbours are unemployed; yet they greet me with a smile. Their homes are spotless, and their children are kept clean and neat.

How on earth they manage it I don't know. Have the mothers some special secret? Have the fathers some unsuspected source of income?

I doubt it. Good management, stern self-denial, and a bulldog determination not to "give in" are a more probable explanation. Even so, it is a mystery—and a magnificent object-lesson.—*R. L. H., Mere.*

PASS IT ON

The riddle that perplexes me most is why it should be necessary in a world where thousands are suffering poverty to burn wheat, or return netted fish to the sea.

Many unpardonable sins have from time to time been committed in the name of commerce, but surely wanton destruction is one of the worst.

With many in the unfortunate position of having no money to purchase the necessities of life, would it not be better to pass on so-called surplus foodstuffs to deserving cases instead of wickedly destroying them?—*H. M. B., Knowle.*

NIGHTMARE

Why do we spend time, money and brains on anti-noise research, and put up with the clamour of church bells both on weekdays and Sundays?

To the night-worker trying to sleep in the afternoon, the tolling bell is a nightmare. So is the ringing of peals on Sunday to those on sick-beds near the church.

And it's all so unnecessary, for the time is long past when only the squire and vicar carried a watch. Those who wish to worship find the still Small Voice more effective than bedlam in the belfry.—*"Dimity," Woodthorpe.*

HAPPY MEDIUM

Drink is undoubtedly the cause of a terrible amount of misery and crime throughout the country, yet Prohibition, apart from its unfairness to the moderate drinker, would very likely be attended by the same appalling consequences that followed its introduction in America.

Cannot some happy medium be found—some middle course which, while enabling the sober section of the community to enjoy their drink, would put some curb upon the weak-willed drunkard?

The finding of such a measure presents a riddle that I should like answered.—*R. H., Welling.*

ARE THEY?

Why are women said to be the weaker sex? They become the wives of pioneers in the world's backwoods. Not long ago a team of women cricketers went to Australia; women have swum the English Channel; they go on long walking tours, mountaineering.

They run, ride, shoot, sail, drive racing cars, and pilot their own aeroplanes.

So why in the name of the twentieth century are they considered weaker than men?—*G. E., Southend.*

Why?

I have talked with workers throughout Great Britain on the subject of war; they all say they do not want another.

Within the last two years I have visited France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy, and always made a point of sounding the workers and various organisations on their attitude towards war. In every case I have met the same vigorous reply: "We do not want another war."

To-day, as war clouds are gathering, I'd like this riddle answered: Who desires war, and for what purpose?—*W. D. R., Bristol.*

ETERNAL MYSTERY

What is Love? Parsons tell us it is to be seen in closed eyes, clasped hands. Mothers lavish it on offspring.

"It's to be seen in a dog's eyes," says the animal-lover. Poets sing of it as the grand passion which sweeps the world.

Because of it men have murdered, warred, faced unknown hazards, wept, worked, lost reason. For lack of it women have wilted, died. Those whom it favours can give but a paltry explanation. Those upon whom it has not smiled live in the hope of finding the answer for themselves—some day.—*"Dick," Durham.*

OUT AGAIN

Some months ago I was thrown out of work together with ten other men, owing to an invention of a machine that could do our work faster and neater.

Fortunately, I secured a job making minor parts for that machine, but now they are making a machine to manufacture those parts. Soon I will be out of work again—so will five of my workmates.

Is it any wonder that I'd like an answer to the riddle—"How to make mechanical progress without aggravating the unemployment problem"?—*P. J., Horley.*

SPLENDID PRIZE

There is one great problem that has perplexed humanity throughout the ages, and the solution still eludes the scientist.

Is there life after death? Losing my child a few years ago I can feel for others in similar distress, and if I could by some means be given the power to solve bitterness of death partings, I know that the comfort obtained would be eagerly accepted by a sorrowing humanity.

Hopes of reunion with loved ones departed flourishing anew would be a splendid prize for a solved riddle.—*"Bereaved," Camden Town.*

* * *

The riddle I should like answered is why is there a Colour Bar, and as there is such a bar, why has it not been broken?—*Mrs. B., Armitage.*

If I quarrel with my neighbour and we come to blows I must fight him alone, while the street looks on. Why is it, then, when statesmen quarrel with their neighbours, we have to fight while the statesmen look on?—*W. R. D., Harlow.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Guinea Gap is Game

LIVERPOOL'S Summer Cup has taken on the title of the Liverpool Silver Jubilee Cup. Lord Derby, who has won Spring, Summer and Autumn trophies galore at Aintree, has the useful three-year-old Bunker engaged.

The colt has only 7 st. 8 lb. to carry and will appreciate the task better than the Welsh Derby.

His Reverence has a chance and a good case can be made out for Guinea Gap and Norman Herald.

Guinea Gap has improved since joining Cottrill's team and he may win for Lady Nuttall.

Hurst Park presents the Duchess of York Plate, a £1,000 event, at the week-end. I have been told that Guest of Honour will probably win this. Take no notice of the colt's form when beaten by Milldoria. He was left a dozen lengths.

Miltoi may win the Lambton Plate and La Rubia should be noted for the Earlsfield Plate.

Some readers have asked me how they can spot "job" horses, for it is a well-known fact that failures which have been gambled on are worth following up. The best method is to study the betting synopsis in the sporting dailies. If a horse opens at "tens" and is backed down to 5 to 2, or shorter odds, obviously inspired money is the cause.

JOHN BULL readers who are not in a position to obtain this synopsis will find a list of "market orders" every week in the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, on sale at all newsagents, price 2d.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 25, to Wednesday, July 31.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V

Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: O9893FQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW94962S would read CARETTA.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 30.

My Eleventh Commandment

"This bit of my life-story may help you" says Helen Vinson

I STARTED MY STAGE CAREER IN A LEAD IN THE "LITTLE THEATRE" IN TEXAS. GRADUALLY SUCCESS CAME MY WAY AND I GOT MY CHANCE ON BROADWAY. THERE I WAS INVITED TO MAKE A TEST FOR THE FILMS
THIS TEST TURNED OUT LUCKY FOR ME AND I WAS GIVEN A CONTRACT. WHEN I WENT TO HOLLYWOOD I FOUND I HAD MUCH TO LEARN. BUT NOTHING SURPRISED ME MORE THAN THE SIMPLE WAY THE STARS CARE FOR THEIR SKIN
LUX
THEY ALL TOLD ME THAT REGULAR USE OF LUX TOILET SOAP IS THE BEST WAY IN THE WORLD TO KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, SOFT AND CLEAR. I FOUND IT REALLY WAS MARVELLOUS. NOW I ALWAYS USE IT. YOU SHOULD TRY IT—BUT FIRST READ WHY IT IS SO GOOD
LUX TOILET SOAP

HELEN VINSON tells you in her own words how she keeps her lovely complexion so exquisitely soft and smooth. Here are the reasons why her simple skin-care can help you, too :—

NEW SKIN FOR YOU WITHIN SIX WEEKS!

Specialists say your skin is changing all the time. Tiny cells are always flaking off from the surface. In six weeks' time the whole of your present surface-skin will have disappeared and new skin, now forming beneath, will be revealed. Film stars know that the secret of skin-beauty is to give this new skin the right care ***now, while it is growing.***

That is why the film stars use Lux Toilet Soap. Its special quick-lathering action penetrates through the surface-skin, cleansing away all dirt and stale cosmetics from the new skin beneath. This keeps the new skin soft, smooth and clear as it comes to the surface. 846 of the 857 leading film stars use Lux Toilet Soap. Try it yourself — to keep *your* growing skin lovely! You can buy Lux Toilet Soap everywhere.

3D. A TABLET

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A *LEVER* PRODUCT TL 680-478

PUT A PACKET OF 'ASPRO' IN YOUR SUITCASE AND ENSURE A HAPPY HOLIDAY

Guard Against
Sunglare Headache
Hot Weather Sleeplessness
Seaside Rheumatic Twinge
Hay Fever
Irritability

Make sure of a happy holiday or weekend by protecting yourself against aches and pains—sunglare headaches—irritability—nerviness — hay fever—rheumatic twinges — ordinary headaches — neuralgia — toothache—sleeplessness, etc. The sudden change of conditions seems to render many people liable to these ailments, which afflict them as soon as they go on holiday. 'ASPRO' is the quick action dispeller of these complaints. Whether you put 'ASPRO' in your bag, or do not, often means the difference between a happy holiday and an unhappy one. 'ASPRO' is safe—quick in action—efficient. It harms neither the heart nor creates gastric upset—it can be taken in train or coach, anywhere, at any time.

A PACKET OF 'ASPRO' IN YOUR BAG MEANS PROTECTION AGAINST PAIN AND ILLNESS . . . READ THESE LETTERS

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents :—GOLLIN & CO., PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS. 'Phone : Slough 668.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., SLOUGH, England.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

17, Durban Street, Worcester, Cape Province.

Dear Sir,

I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.

Sincerely yours, P. A. WILLIAMS

IMMEDIATE PAIN-RELIEF

267, Northumberland Avenue, Reading

Dear Sirs,

Just a word of praise for 'ASPRO' I had some teeth extracted, and for three days I had untold agony through aching gums, and someone suggested 'ASPRO,' and the first two tablets gave instant relief.

I am, Yours truly,

V. WITHERS.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'Aspro' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water makes an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis and act as a deterrent.

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

Another Record!

TWICE SHE'S WON "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD PRIZE OUTRIGHT — NOW WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Here is Mrs. M. Smith, 34, Anton Road, Andover, Hants., who by careful study of our puzzles won our 167th First Prize outright, and has now captured it outright again in Contest No. 309.

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE with **£400** Cash and **£50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE** This year and next

GREAT NEW 3-in-1 HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE ... OR £750 CASH

3 1 5

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD value **£2**

A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest, for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer. TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14.

THERE are now 20 successful competitors in "John Bull's" Crosswords who are drawing regular pensions from Long Acre. Success came to them, as it can come to you, by careful study of the Commonsense Clues set by our Compiler.

There is another bright puzzle from his brain on this page. At this very moment our 21st Life Pensioner may be reading these lines and picturing the many benefits of capturing £6 a month for life with the handsome sum of £400 in cash. Yes, the 21st winner of a lifelong Crossword income may well be YOU!

Besides your Pension and Fortune, "John Bull" will provide £50 for your Holiday this summer and £50 for next!

Runners-up will benefit not only by the distribution of £150 in Holiday Cash but also by Bonus Awards value £2 to be distributed as announced. And to each sender of a solution containing one error more than Runners-up, "John Bull" will despatch a Special Surprise Award with a £1 Bonus Offer.

Provided your entry is in by noon, Thursday, August 1, it may bring you one of our thrilling First Prize telegrams on the following Thursday.

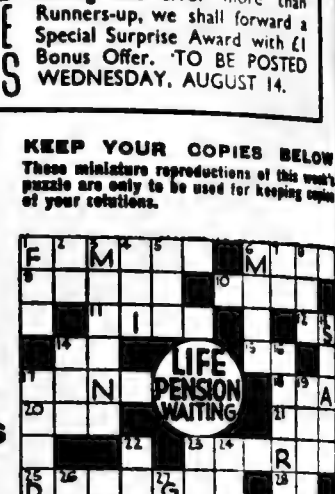
For FREE X-WORD HELP, ENCLOSE COUPON from Page 39

"John Bull" will pay a huge Pension of £6 Monthly for Life plus £400 in Cash and £50 Holiday Cheque this year and next (or one lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the sender whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries will be sent to every Runner-up from whom we have received four or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 8, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 15.

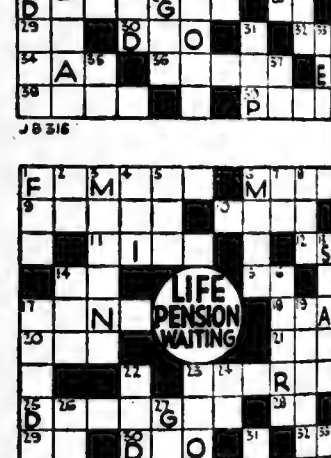
Winners in Competition No. 313 appear on page 23. Solution and winners in Competition No. 314 and solution in Competition No. 315 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 8th.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J B 315



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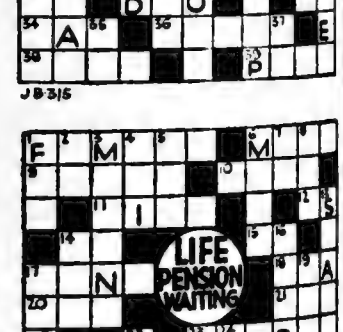
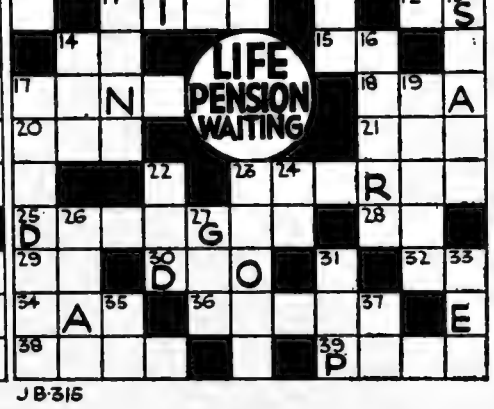


J B 315

J B 315

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 315—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1935

J B 315



J B 315

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

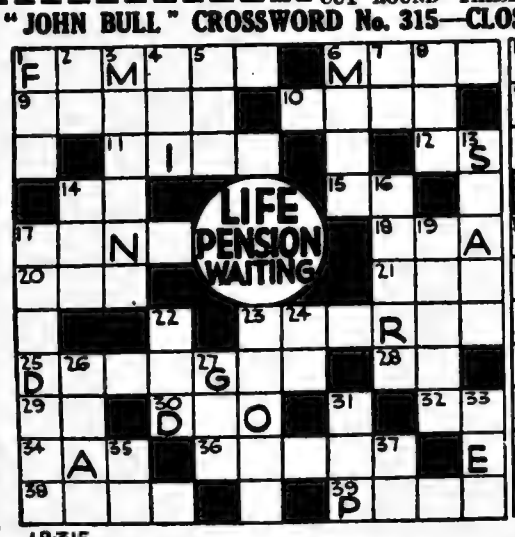
ADDRESS.....

.....

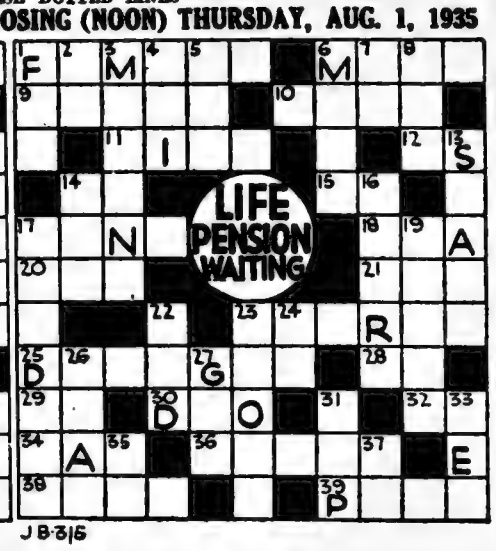
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 315—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1935



J B 315



J B 315

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Celebrated
6. It isn't the rolling stone which gets this
9. Means smell—usually an unpleasant one
10. Dying leaves supply one of autumn
11. You see it constantly in Southern France
12. Take what you hear with from years
14. Bit with a bit off
15. First two vowels backwards
17. May be cause of air disaster
18. Meadow
20. Ostrich produces a huge one
21. Make a mistake is correct here
23. Earthquake may account for these
25. Low water makes you feel it
28. Behead "and the rest"
29. This is that is, in two letters
30. Song written in two parts
32. Both ends of tab
34. Forty winks
36. Comes to a stop at terminus
38. One from friend is cheering
39. River girl knows how to manage this in punt

DOWN

1. Particular men keep watch in this
2. Subtract end from add
3. You need fine weather for doing this
4. French for yes
5. Makes tea by the gallon
6. May be the cause of that noise in the night
7. One short of one
8. "Built-up area" for pigs
13. Prize-fighter gets used to seeing these
14. Describes most fish which get away
16. You're wideawake if you're this
17. Gloves are usually worn for
19. Upright
22. Rain helps it form by the side of the lane
23. Poor Mr. Taxpayer is this
24. Last two parts of act
26. Petrol tank is safer at this end of car
27. Some violin strings are made from
31. Stiff one helps you face nasty blow
33. Carries honey to a hive
35. Cut end off pin
37. Then woman means yes

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form: send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, August 1, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry Square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry Squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, entry square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 15, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 27, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shared Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate — see Rule 2.

Free Help for X-word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Address Entry Thus:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 315, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

ORIS (Wendover).—"I ate very little meat at the boarding-house because I dislike fat." You had a lean time.

N. (Farnborough).—"As a sculptor, I showed definite promise in young days." Making sand-castles?

O. R. (Holsworthy).—"I have far er crops as a result of having the soil ysed." You will reap the benefit later.

ULPTOR (Chelsea).—"An artist's life ot without its problems." Every day ust be faced with a poser.

QUIRER (Deal).—"What is the best r for a youngster to embark on?" utical one.

OKER (E.C.).—"What's to prevent a investing £5,000 at 7 per cent. and on the interest?" His salary.

G. (Hitchin).—"My young son was ill after helping himself to the straw- es in the garden." He went from bed to another?

S. (Kidderminster).—"Is there any h in the suggestion that the goodness n apple is under the peel?" Well, rtainly isn't outside it.

P. S. (Andover).—"The pain in my was so great I had to stop staking plants in my garden." You found couldn't stick it.

s. J. (Tipton).—"I thought there was ething in the wind when my husband to work without kissing me." Did low a kiss, then?

EDICO (Edinburgh).—"A man may be a failure in life simply because e gland refuses to k." Or the man him-

PUBLICITY" (Fleet et).—"If you had to zle your brains all finding new ideas, id you do night- k?" We should think

B. (Soho).—"I claim to be the most ert ice-cream maker in the world." certainly know how to blow your own et.

ARINER (Southampton).—"Shipers seem to have no settled plans for future of shipping." They're all at you mean.

PHIE (Acton).—"The old saying about rry in haste, repent at leisure' is nonsense." Quite—there's never any ure when you're married.

ON. SEC. (Bromley).—"We provided visitors on arrival with drinks of e-juice and orangeade." You gave m a cordial reception.

EORGE (Dulwich).—"What are the nces of a good blackberry season this after all this rain?" It is a black look.

PHOTOGRAPHER (Dorking).—"My landy doesn't know that I develop my es in the disused attic." You're ping it dark?

IRS. D. (Wandsworth).—"My husband ps his best false teeth merely for the asions when he meets his aristocratic nds." The smart set?

N B. (Rye).—"Before the 120 yards dles started I was a bundle of nerves, I managed to win, nevertheless." You over the jumps all right.

ITTY G. (Leominster).—"I'm afraid I e little chance of passing the music mination unless I can bring out that i-quaver in the piece." We advise to make a note of it.

F. (Barnes).—"I went to visit a nd in the country to have a really holiday, but he kept me on the go the time." You thought of doing hing and found there was nothing ng.

D. (Barnham).—"I spent all last urday in the garden with the dog nting vermin; I didn't catch any, but wife was very annoyed at what she led my waste of time." She was the who got the rats, then?

THE KID

A. W. (Herne Bay).—"An athlete recently made a record backward leap of over seven feet." We should like to point out that we have no ambition to break this.

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

POET (Chelsea).—"Office-work is oppressive during the summer—you can't get away from it." Not for long, anyway.

S. W. (Morecambe).—"Children have heaps of fun at the seaside." And father is generally under one of them.

R. T. (Witham).—"My wife's relations usually stop at my house so late that they miss the last train and have to stay the night." It's a put-up job.

OLD 'UN (Woking).—"At ninety-five I find myself fed up to the back teeth by the younger generation." At ninety-five you are lucky to have back teeth.

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—"The man who wants to climb to great heights should scorn every form of sports." Unless mountaineering.

A. F. (Chingford).—"A travelling show should not be called a pleasure city; the old English name should be retained." That's only fair.

R. T. (Newcastle).—"A well-known carbon-paper manufacturer lost a valuable manuscript the other day." And can't he trace it?

A. J. (Cowes).—"The hands on board a yacht refused to do their work the other day." But there is always a jib on yachts.

CUEIST (Derby).—"In order to help beginners a billiards professional has invented a special rubber cap to be fitted on their cues." A tip for tyros.

TOM (Farnborough).—"I obliged my barber by sweeping the floor for him while I was waiting for my turn." Then he took a bit off for you?

SECOND FIDDLE (Kensington).—"Give a woman rope and she'll prate all the time about equality of the sexes." But she won't if you give her a strap to hang on in a tube train.

ANNOYED (Chelsea).—"While I was waiting in a queue to enter a kinema the attendant was very rude, so I just walked away home." You weren't going to stand for that.

POSTMAN (Bromley).—"Now for my holiday!" Not hiking, of course?

S. C. (Grays).—"What do you think worries me most about my income-tax?" Paying it.

I. M. (Bingley).—"I feel I am forceful enough to make a good heavyweight boxer." You have the necessary punch?

F. W. (Sutton).—"Women still go through their husbands' pockets." Yes, but only for practice nowadays.

NEWLYWED (Allendale).—"My wife's pride is her special plum-pudding." A pride that is hard to swallow.

JAM MANUFACTURER (Maidstone).—"Flies are the worst worry in this business." They trespass on your preserves?

F. G. (Acton).—"I recently spent a fortnight in a disused lighthouse." Just a place for an all-round holiday.

Miss G. (Blackpool).—"I entered for a beauty contest, but one thing entirely spoilt it." The winner?

C. V. (Rochester).—"A wife is a gilt-edged investment." Ah! but you can't lock her away!

J. B. (Grimsby).—"An old bridge was being retained when it suddenly collapsed." So it's now retired.

STUDENT. (Dymchurch).—"Whilst bees can sting only once, wasps can sting many times." Not if we have a newspaper handy!

GEORGE (Parkstone).—"My brothers tried to bluff me that they hadn't been playing cricket on the lawn, but I know they had." You bowled them out, then.

VIOLET (Sevenoaks).—"At my cookery exam. my dish looked so tempting that the examiner had to taste it." He couldn't pass it, then?

ETHEL (Woking).—"With a party of friends I have just booked an old railway carriage for our holiday accommodation." It's a new idea, anyway.

APIARIST (Shrewsbury).—"I claim to be able to induce my bees to follow me anywhere." This is just the sort of thing many bee-keepers have been seen trying to avoid.

A. G. D. (Mayfair).—"Among diners-out very few men are able to describe accurately the meal they have just eaten." Anyhow, not until the waiter brings along the bill for it.

T. M. C. (Reading).—"The time I envy the motorist most is when I'm going on holiday." Win this week's £600 and Free Week's Motoring on page 39 and make others envy you!

AMATEUR MOVIE FAN (Enfield).—"I've made a film of the removal men carting our furniture out of the old house and into the new one." A moving picture in more ways than one.

PISCATORIAL (Byfleet).—"My wife had often asked me not to do so much fishing, but to pay more attention to her. Finally, I agreed, and to prove to her that I meant what I said I kicked my rod out of the window." Just to demonstrate that you were willing to toe the line?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

Man Zan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

A Pretty, Well-Cut PATTERN FREE!

Accept this generous offer by the manufacturers of Robin Starch. A pattern of a delightful dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, is offered free to every reader of this paper in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 1od. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. The pattern is simple to use, and with it are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 (bust). Be sure to mention the offer appears in "John Bull," and post your Robin Starch lids in sealed stamped envelope addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

SEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Frame 21 or 23in., Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW
Supplied Maroon, Red, Black or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Don't overlook this generous offer of the Shavex Zeokol Co., Ltd., on the Back Cover.

PARSON SCORES a "Bullets" Century!

Here is the Vicar with the young bridegroom whom he helped to win £50

HATS off to a fighting parson of Sunderland. His fighting has not been with fists, but with a pen—and his blows have been efforts for our *Bullets* Competition.

There are scores of entrants who have won over 100 prizes in our Contest—and there are many clergymen who are keen competitors But to the Rev. H. E. Clark, Vicar of Castletown, Sunderland, goes the honour of being the first parson to score a *Bullets* Century.

* * *

When I called at the Vicarage for a chat with this parson "Centurion," writes a JOHN BULL representative, I took along with me a man who has good reason to be glad of the Vicar's keen interest in *Bullets* He was Mr. J. Scurfield, of 12, Westgarth Terrace, Washington, Co. Durham.

Nearly three years ago, the Vicar recalled, it was his pleasure to officiate at the marriage of Mr. Scurfield. And beforehand, when making arrangements for the ceremony, he had mentioned *Bullets* as a good home pastime to the young bridegroom-to-be.

* * *

The sequel came a few weeks ago. When alighting from a 'bus, laden with parcels, the Vicar thanked a young man who had come to his assistance.

"I accepted his help gratefully," said the Vicar, "but I was very surprised when he asked me how I was getting on with *Bullets*.

"Then he reminded me of his name—and of the *Bullets* advice I had given him, going on to tell me of a splendid success he had scored."

Yes, whilst the Vicar was busily picking up his 100 prizes of modest size, young Mr. Scurfield had done still better at the *Bullets* wicket. In *Bullets* Competition No. 879 he had won the Second Prize of £50 for the effort, WHAT SHE'S TOLD—MAKES OTHERS' ACHES MOTHER'S.

"That £50 came just after our first daughter was born," Mr. Scurfield mentioned, "so it couldn't have arrived at a better time."

"Although Mr. Scurfield beat me to the printed list," the Vicar pointed out, "I got there a few months after him."

He drew my attention to a framed scroll hanging on the wall—a *Bullets* Certificate of Merit, recording a prize of £2 10s. with Bonus in Contest No. 908 with the amusing and homely effort, IN THE CRADLE—"LOBSTER"—IN BATH, "EEL." Just a year later, the Vicar added, he secured a further substantial prize of £2 and a Radio—and, he told me, he had not missed his regular weekly entry for the past four years.

"I wouldn't be without a wonderful hobby like *Bullets*," he went on to assure me. "Apart from studying the winning lines, for the help they give in construction, I find the ideas they express well worth thinking about.

"Many a time I've worked into a sermon the theme of a winning *Bullet*. For instance, that splendid winner, NOT ONLY—"PLEASE GOD ——" *Please* GOD! was a sermon in itself.

"And *Bullets* make people friendlier, too, I've found. I've got to know lots of my parishioners better, either through discovering that they were 'Bulleteers' or through starting them off on the Competition."

As a matter of interest, the Vicar looked back through his records and found the details of Mr. Scurfield's wedding, which marked the beginning of his *Bullets* career.

"You certainly gave me my start," agreed Mr. Scurfield, as I snapped these two "Bulleteers" for the photograph above, "and I mean to go on with *Bullets* until I win a First."

To win 100 prizes like the Vicar of Castletown, or rise to the *Bullets* "Big Three" like Mr. Scurfield, is only a matter of patience, care and common-sense. Take up *Bullets* as your hobby this week and there is no reason why you should not beat them both to the top of the prize-list.

TO WOULD-BE WINNERS

Both the parson who has secured 100 prizes and the young *Bullets* £50 winner interviewed on this page offer the same advice to those who seek success in our Competition.

"Take *Bullets Bulletin* from the start," said Mr. Scurfield. "There is no better guide for a beginner; I should never have reached the first three so quickly without its help."

"The *Bulletin* has helped me to the prize-list once," declared the Rev. H. E. Clark, "and I know no better help to get me there again."

Be fully equipped for your *Bullets* campaign by accepting the free weekly assistance which *Bullets Bulletin* provides for would-be winners. Easy Registration Coupon, which can be enclosed with your first *Bullets* entry, awaits you on opposite page.

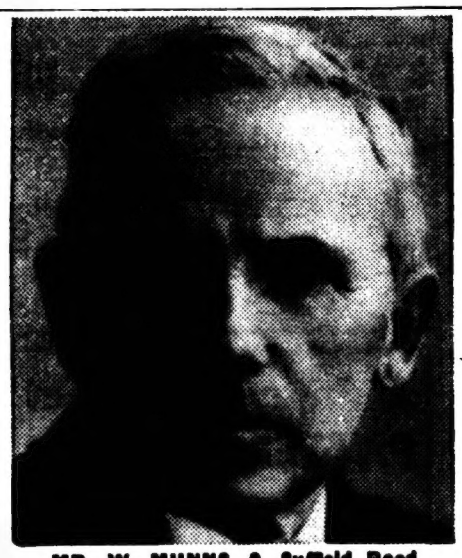
YOUR KEY to a £600 SUCCESS

THE result of our 990th Contest is not due to appear until next week. But you will need some winning efforts to study before starting your attack on to-day's giant array of Holiday Prizes, so we have collected below a series of First Prize *Bullets*, each of which can yield a lesson in the art of making prize-worthy efforts.

Note how their simple, everyday ideas have been clothed in neat phrasing to produce a telling effect; then go ahead with the current *Example* and clothe your own ideas in words as worthy of the winning list.

LIFE OF LEISURE
FORGET, FOR FEW GO...
WIPED AWAY
COUNTRYSIDE—JERRY BUILDER'S "DU... SHELLS."
ENGLISHMAN'S HOME
PER ENGLISHMAN — "PERFECT ENG... LAND!
NOT ONLY
"PLEASE, GOD — "P...se GOD!
RUNNING AWAY
DOESN'T PREVENT "SHADOW" FOLLOWING.
MARCH OF TIME
THAT'S FRIENDSHIP'S "TEST PIECE"
IN THE GARDEN
I'M "KING," TILL "GEORGE —!"
BE CAREFUL, MR. MAGISTRATE
DON'T MAKE "FUTURE TOUGH"!
OUR CHICKS
"COOP" US—RECOUP US.
HE'S GOT MILLIONS. BUT
MISSES "EXTRA *Shillings*" WEALTH.
SECRET DIPLOMACY
OMITS YOU—COMMITS YOU!
WITH MIGHT AND MAIN
FIGHT THAT "MIGHTIER" MANIA!

There is not one *Bullet* above which you could not have made up yourself, so make up your mind that this week's £600 and Week's Free Motoring First Prize shall be won by an effort of yours!



MR. W. MUNNS, 9, Suffield Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, 4.

20 YEARS OF ABDOMINAL PAINS AND SEVERE HEADACHES
CAUSED BY CHRONIC INDIGESTION

"For the last 20 years I have suffered from Chronic Indigestion, severe pains in my abdomen, and terrible Headaches, which frightened me when I woke up in the morning and felt one coming on, having as many as two or three in a week.

"Being a seafaring man I have tried most remedies, both at home and abroad, but without lasting relief.

"When I received your Free Sample I started taking it right away. Before I had finished the contents I felt altogether different and decided on having a large Family tin and giving it a fair chance. Now I feel a different man, no pains, and sleep well.

"For months on end I would have only a slight Breakfast, and all my meals were followed by pains. To-day, for instance, I had steak and sausage for Breakfast and had no pain. I can assure you that Birley's will always have a place in my home."

FREE
9D. TIN POST PAID
The 9d. Tin is put up for FREE Trial only and is NOT for sale.

Why don't YOU try BIRLEY'S?

BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

IS THE TRUE RAPID-ACTION REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, BILIOUSNESS, PALPITATION, GASTRITIS, NAUSEA, RHEUMATISM

Advanced research work has evolved this new stomach remedy. It is better, surer and quicker in action than anything medical science has ever before been able to offer to sufferers.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION or its kindred ailments? Here's the relief you want—relief that's *certain—instantaneous*—in which we have such confidence that we offer to GIVE you your first supply.

You'll find that Birley's Antacid Powder clears Acidity from the whole 30 feet of food-way of both Stomach and intestines, and from the blood stream and muscular system. It is the only Antacid that can be taken REGULARLY, for it is entirely free from such cell-clogging ingredients as Bismuth, Kaolin and similar minerals which cling to the linings of the stomach intestines, and choke the millions of gland-ducts through which flow the all-important DIGESTIVE JUICES. Birley's non-clogging prescription, however, by its cleansing, purifying and soothing action, creates and maintains a healthy unobstructed flow of juices from every single duct of the digestive organs.

Birley's enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain afterwards, and is tasteless, odourless and harmless. It is absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times.

Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. Tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

OF ALL CHEMISTS, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITE... 1/3, 3/- & 5/- TINS ONLY

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

No. 76 To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., 16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid.

Signature .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address .....
.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

4 BIG 'BULLETS' ATTRACTIONS
. . . offered this week only !

£600 Cash AND FREE WEEK'S MOTORING

- FINE CAR WITH CHAUFFEUR - YOURS FOR SEVEN DAYS - UNLIMITED MOTORING AT "JOHN BULL'S" EXPENSE

49 OTHER BIG HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£50 £25 £20 £10

15 PRIZES OF £5

30 PRIZES OF £2.10s

500 of 2/6 • 2000 Red Seals • 8,000 Targets

UP TO 50 CONTINUITY BONUSES

ONE FOR EACH OF 50 CHILDREN WINNERS THIS WEEK FROM WHOM 'JOHN BULL' RECEIVED AN ENTRY FOR LAST WEEK'S CONTEST 'BULLETS' No 992 — each value over £5

500 NEW HOLIDAY SURPRISE AWARDS
Never previously distributed as prizes

993

CLOSING SATURDAY, AUGUST 3

MAKE THE "BULLETS" ROAD TO £600 AND FREE MOTORING !

FORTUNE of £600 and a glorious week's Free Motoring for you and your family in a fine car with chauffeur—that is the splendid 2-in-1 First that heads to-day's bumper *Bullets* Holiday prize-list. Just as Mr. F. Greenbank, 41, ton Road, Lowestoft, enjoyed a tour of England and Scotland at JOHN BULL'S ense, so you too can soon be setting off for the Holiday Week of your dreams. ure in the knowledge that £600 cash will smooth your road through the years rome

part from this fine double-barrelled t, there are three other big attracns. First is the splendid array of 49 er big Holiday Cheques supporting the t Prize. Next, there are 500 New liday Surprise Awards. And lastly, rt from 10,500 prizes, there are up to Continuity Bonuses value over £250 distribution as detailed above.

et busy on your *Bullets* to-night. f an hour of careful work may bring £600 cash and a thousand golden mories of a Week's Free Motoring with r family.

THE WAY TO WIN

HATEVER the style of your *Bullets*, see that each one consists of TWO, REE or FOUR words with some apt original bearing on the *Example* d.

uppose you select the *Example* LIPSED, your first thought might be *gue of Nations—Without Heaven's idance*. This you could speedily imve to the finished *Bullet*, ECLIPSED—EVA's "SUN"? FOLLOW "STAR"!

y studying carefully some actual nners you will soon recognise the style a successful *Bullet*. So you cannot do ter than absorb the good points of the ning *Bullets* on the previous page, cially reprinted for your guidance.

Then begin on your efforts with conence. Every prize you see in this k's fine Holiday Offer must be won somebody, but your *Bullets* must ch the judges by Saturday, August 3, you are to be amongst the 11,050 nners.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ANOTHER WAR
OUR BOYS
TO RESCUE HER
AT THE BACK DOOR
MADE A SPLASH
HIS ADMISSION
MAN IN A CELL
WON'T GO HOME
DREADFUL
LIKE A BLOODHOUND
"GOOD SHOT!"
ON THE RUN
HER BEST
STILL GOING STRONG
BABY'S RATTLE
WHEN MUSSOLINI SAYS "NO:"
GOOD MATCH
LEARNING TO FLY
FATHER'S MARROW
IF WE HAD MORE
BREAD AND BUTTER
WITH A ROAR
BLIND JUSTICE
LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE
EASY TO START
THE SIGNALMAN
BEAUTY QUEEN
LISTENING TO THE BAND
FOURTEEN DAYS
DEMON FOR WORK
KNOWLEDGE
THE TERRORIST
WAY TO LOSE
COOL HEAD
PAYS HANDSOMELY
ECLIPSED

48 FREE PAGES of help with "Bullets" and Crosswords—Use this coupon!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being neatness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have final consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be defaced.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 989 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Coulter, Newsagent, The Square, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(993) Closing SAT., Aug. 3.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(993) Closing SAT., Aug. 3	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(993) Closing SAT., Aug. 3.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(993) Closing SAT., Aug. 3.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 993 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 993, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs **4d.** per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs **5/6** per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using Shavex all over the world. Beware of Imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH and USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with Shavex.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave. Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

When asking your Chemist for Shavex, ask for the Magnificent Outfit, including a Silver-plated Razor with Six Blades, for 1/-. Usual price 2/6.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

If grass is laying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave. Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor Blade and there is none better than the Shavex Blade which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades originally 4d. each are now reduced to 2d.

Doctor: "Good heavens, my boy! What has happened to you—why, you won't want me to see you any more, you look splendid this morning and as fresh as a daisy."
Patient: "Why, Doctor, I feel exactly as you say, splendid, and as fresh as a daisy. I sent for a tube of Shavex and the wonderful shave I have just had has made me feel so well. It was so easy for me to shave, no lathering my face with a soapy brush, just a smear of Shavex Cream, and with the Shavex Blade I couldn't feel the razor going over my face, and in two minutes I had the most perfect shave of my life."
Doctor: "Why, by George, Shavex are certainly most up-to-date people; I am going for a holiday and I shall certainly take a tube with me."

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL, CO., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SPA-SEL SALTS

The Regenerator of the Human Body

SPA-SEL is one of the most perfect SALTS that can be taken to purify the Blood, cleanse the kidneys, tone up the liver and keep the stomach in a perfect condition.

All acids are eliminated and no one can have Rheumatism, Arthritis, etc., with Spa-sel. All Toxine Poisoning is washed away from the system. It is the most perfect remedy ever known and the result is RADIANT HEALTH and the Skin looking perfect. To keep young, and keep old age at bay, there is nothing more wonderful than Spa-sel Salts.

In Bottles at
9D. and 1/6

Post free from the:—
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. A.3), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

How horrible I feel. I feel I am getting older every day; it seems Rheumatism has got into every joint and I am getting stouter too, and I am still only a young man. Two years ago I played every kind of sport. I must do something—I seem to feel my heart getting affected.

How splendid I feel now I have taken those Spa-sel Natural Salts. My body feels as light as a feather and all the Rheumatism has gone from my joints. I am a different man. I have lost over a stone in weight and all toxine poisoning has gone from my body. I feel great. How marvellous it is to feel healthy after being so ill. I wish every one knew of Spa-sel Salts.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES Ended in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the Arc, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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